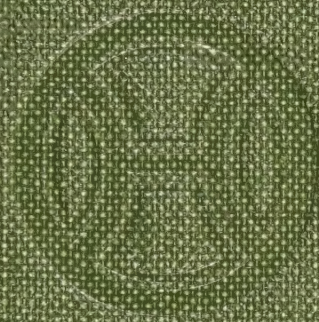
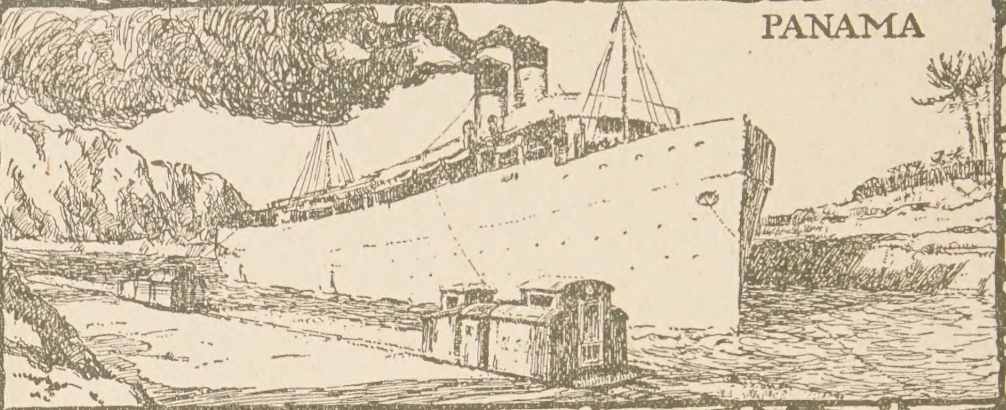




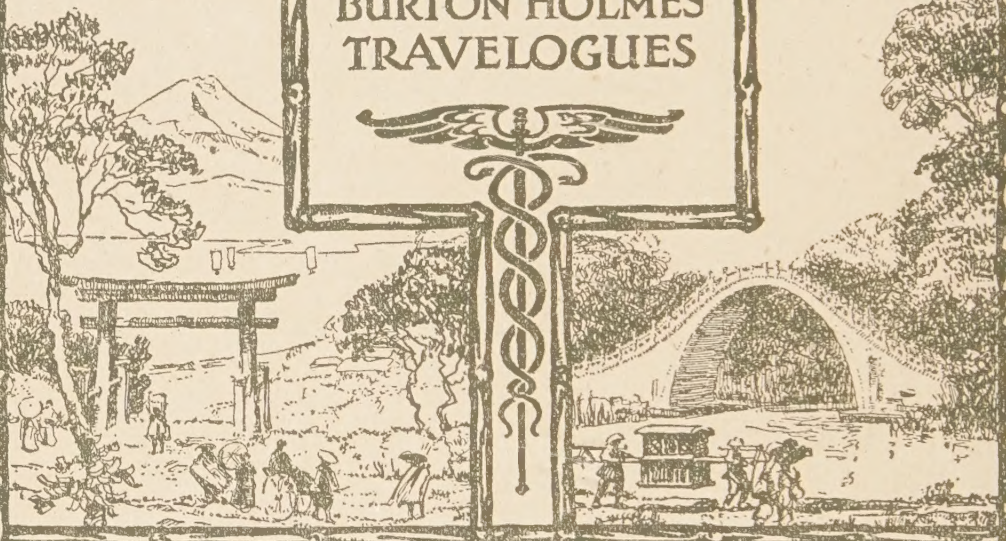
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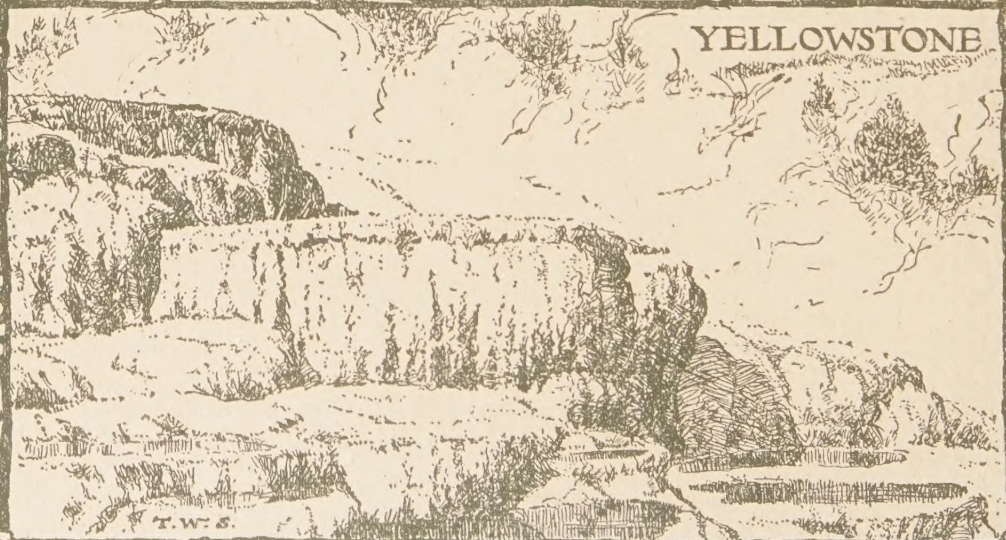
JAPAN

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES

CHINA



YELLOWSTONE



T.W.S.

EGYPT



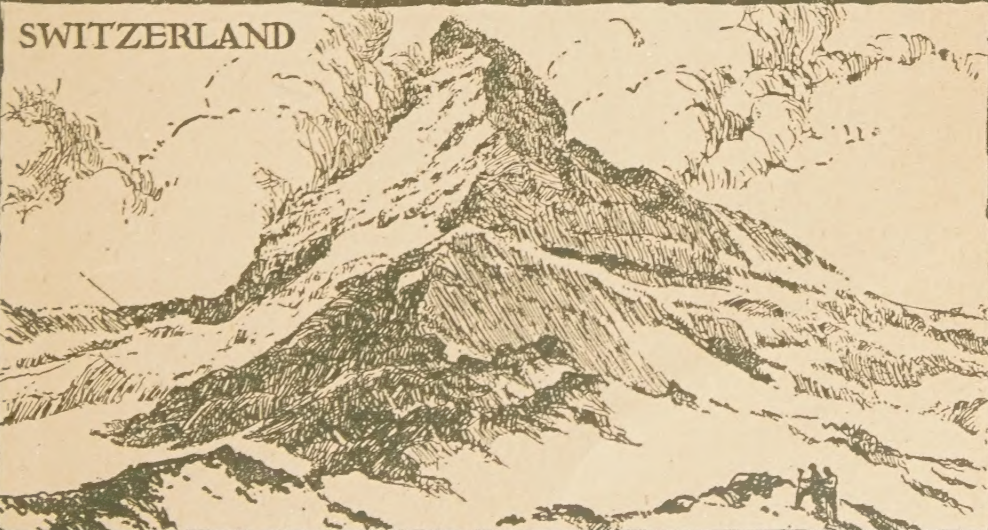
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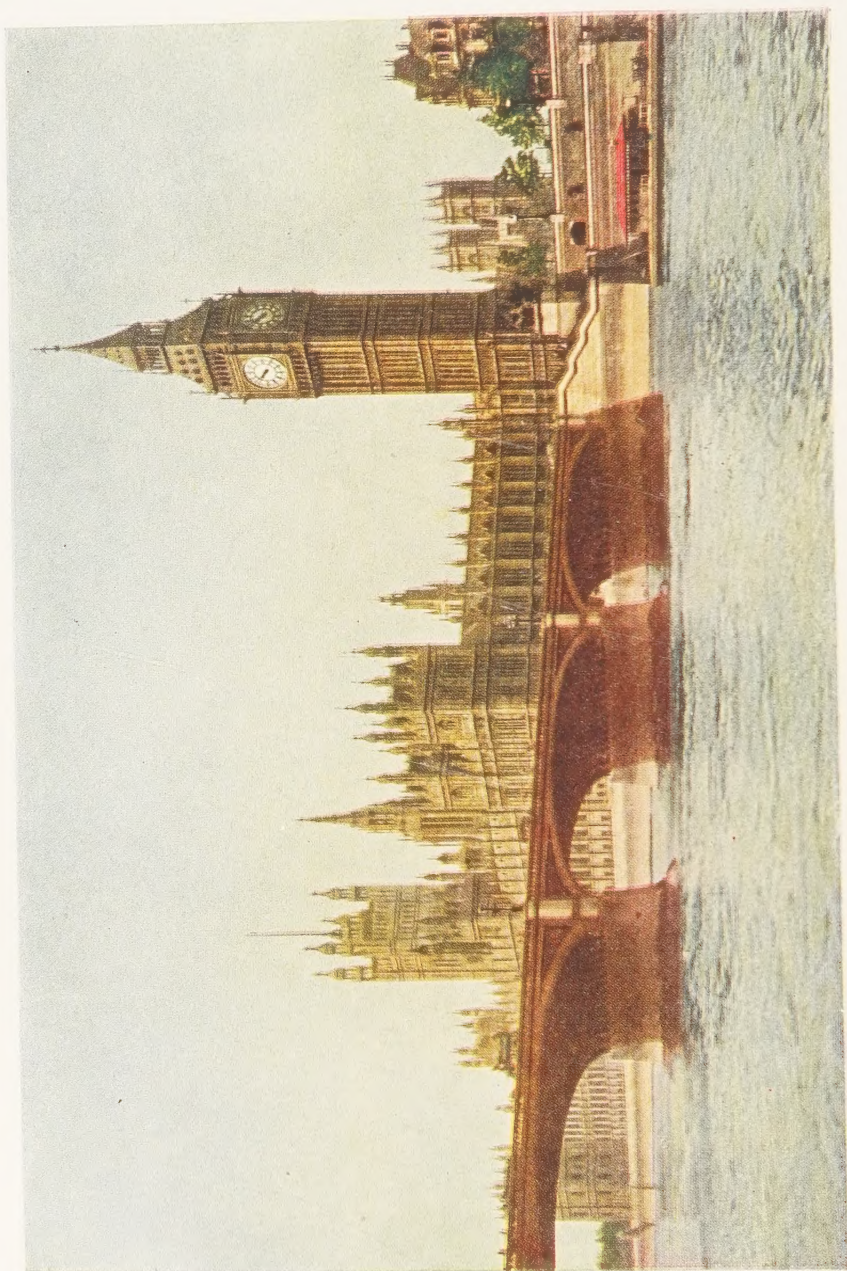


SWITZERLAND





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BURTON HOLMES TRAVELOGUES



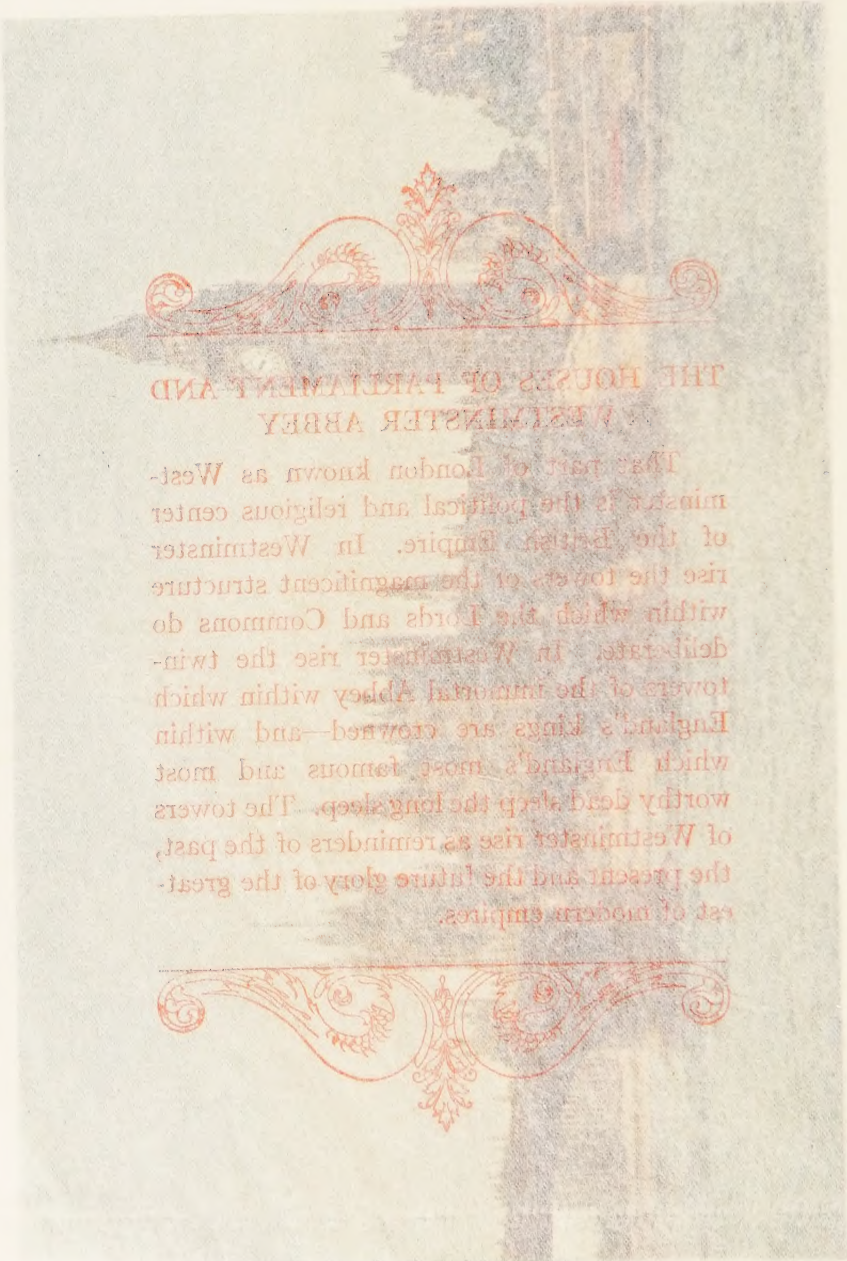
THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

That part of London known as Westminster is the political and religious center of the British Empire. In Westminster rise the towers of the magnificent structure within which the Lords and Commons do deliberate. In Westminster rise the twin-towers of the immortal Abbey within which England's kings are crowned—and within which England's most famous and most worthy dead sleep the long sleep. The towers of Westminster rise as reminders of the past, the present and the future glory of the greatest of modern empires.



1919

THE TRAVELOGUE BUREAU
CHICAGO NEW YORK



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BURTON HOLMES TRAVELOGUES

*With Illustrations from Photographs
By the Author*



— VOLUME SIX —

1919
THE TRAVELOGUE BUREAU
CHICAGO NEW YORK

LONDON



LONDON is the most important place on earth. It is not only the most populous, it is the greatest of great cities. No other city is the center of so many world-wide interests. Toward no other city do so many human beings look for inspiration, for commands, and for reward.

To the American, London means more than any other foreign city; we are related to its life: it is the Mother City, the *Metropolis*, not of England only, but of the entire English-speaking world.

Not to know London is to lack a standard by which to measure the merits or demerits of our great cities in America. Not to

know London is to be unable to recognize the shortcomings of our newer cities — or to appreciate their magnificent achievements.

London is splendidly unbeautiful; its architecture, for the most part, grandly ungraceful; its walls covered with a cleanly grime.

London is leisurely animated; it roars in a gentle monotone,



THE THAMES

that to American ears, hardened to the clattering thunder of our streets, seems almost quietude or silence.

In London dwells a population of over seven millions. The citizens of London outnumber the sum total of the subjects of three important European kingdoms: add all the Norwegians in Norway and all the Danes in Denmark to all the Greeks in Greece, and you will not have quite enough people to fill the places of the living Londoners to-day. Among these living Londoners we find thousands of the most miserable and most debased of humankind, and other thousands, representing the very flower — the perfected product — of centuries of Christian civilization.

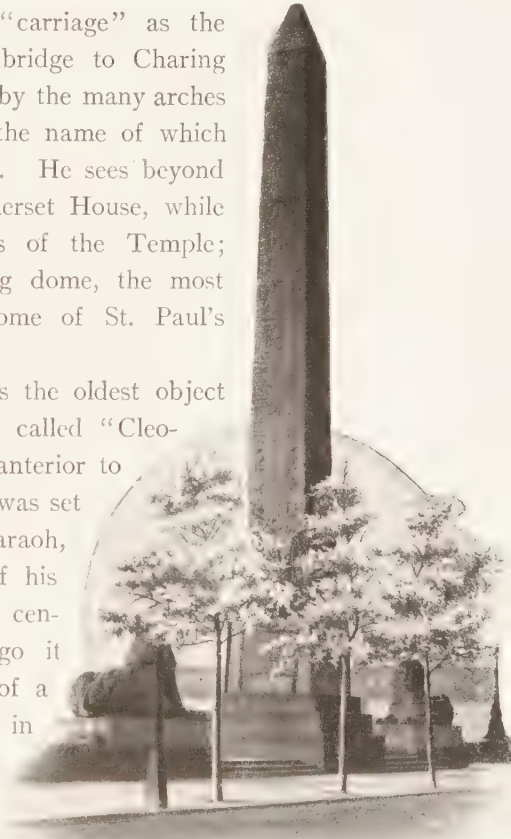
The traveler's first grandiose glimpse of the World's Metropolis



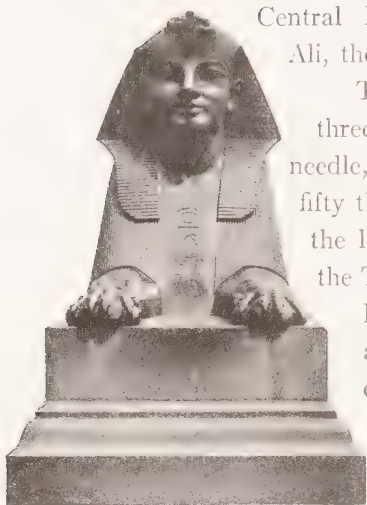
SOMERSET HOUSE

is usually from the window of his "carriage" as the arriving train rolls over the railway bridge to Charing Cross. He sees the Thames, spanned by the many arches of one of the world's finest bridges, the name of which commemorates the victory of Waterloo. He sees beyond it, to the left, the noble front of Somerset House, while farther on rise the various buildings of the Temple; but dominating all is the high-soaring dome, the most conspicuous thing in London, the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Nearer, on the water's edge, stands the oldest object in all London—the Egyptian obelisk, called "Cleopatra's Needle." But it is of an age anterior to that of the Enchantress of the Nile; it was set up at Heliopolis in Egypt by the Pharaoh, Thotmes III, to commemorate one of his many jubilees, more than thirty-three centuries ago. Two thousand years ago it was brought to Alexandria by order of a Roman Emperor, only to lie neglected in the seaside sands beside its companion shaft, which stands to-day in



THE OLDEST OBJECT IN LONDON



Central Park, New York. In 1820, Mohammed Ali, then master of Egypt, offered it to England.

Then, after England had hesitated nearly threescore years about picking up this dull old needle, an Englishman of public spirit spent fifty thousand dollars in bringing it hither from the land of the Sphinx and erecting it here on the Thames Embankment in 1878. It has outlived all the great cities, all the empires of antiquity. This obelisk has seen the ancient empires of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and the modern empire of Napoleon rise, totter, and fall; and though the British Empire is standing firm, we feel a threat-

ening prophecy in the lines that Tennyson put into the mouth of this thing of stone; he makes the obelisk exclaim, as if in warning to the pride of Britain:

“I have seen four great empires disappear —
 I *was*, when London was not —
 I am here!”



GUARDING THE OBELISK



FROM THE FIRE MONUMENT

But surely, London itself can never disappear; it is too big, too real, ever to pass away. This London, with its seven thousand miles of streets, is no mere creation of to-day. London has had a continuous existence for about two thousand years.

Just when the first savage Britons settled on this site has never been determined. The name, however, has been fairly well accounted for.



THE POOL OF LONDON

The Romans called the place Londinium, making this name out of the ancient British words, "Lin," which meant a pool, and "Dun," which meant a place of strength, or a hill-fort. Thus the name means something like



LONDON BRIDGE

"The Pool of the Strong Place on the Hill." That Pool of London still exists; it is the world-famous anchorage for sea-going ships in the Thames just below London Bridge. But it has lost much of its old-time animation since the creation of the vast London docks where the larger part of London's shipping now finds accommodation.



THE FIRE MONUMENT

As for the other syllable of London's name, the "Dun" or "Strong Place," was undoubtedly on the hill called Ludgate Hill, on which St. Paul's Cathedral stands to-day. The name Ludgate is said to come from old King Ludd, who ruled there just before the Romans came. London was at that time a hamlet



THE TOWER BRIDGE

of crude huts, surrounded by a forest and a marsh. How strange that so many great cities should have risen from marshes. St. Petersburg was built upon a marsh; Chicago stands on soggy soil; parts of Paris cover the old "*Marais*," and even to-day underground streams flow through a hidden marsh beneath this world of brick and stone that we call "London," and join the Thames not far from London Bridge.

A splendid point of vantage whence to look down on London Bridge is the top of the Fire Monument, raised to commemorate

the conflagration of 1666, which burned up nearly ninety churches, nearly fourteen thousand houses, fifty-five million dollars' worth of property, and all the dormant germs of the plague; for since that fortunate fire London has been free from that old curse of medieval cities. The London Bridge of to-day in no way resembles its historic predecessor, which, like the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, was incrustated with shops and houses all the way from



THE TOWER OF LONDON

shore to shore. But why should this be called "London Bridge," when there are so many other London bridges? Because until 1769 the bridge at this point was the only bridge, *the* London bridge; because to-day, in spite of all the rest, it still holds a pre-eminence as the busiest and most important. There were once wooden bridges on the Thames, bridges of Roman build, though it seems strange to read of Romans making anything of perishable wood. Those bridges perished one by one, by fire and by flood. It was about seven hundred years ago that the original stone London Bridge was finished. It lasted down to 1832, when the structure that we see to-day supplanted it at a point sixty yards above the site of the old bridge of which practically nothing now remains.

Far more conspicuous and imposing in appearance is the new Tower Bridge which looks more like a tower than the Tower of London, whence it takes its name. London's famous Tower is undeniably untower-like and squat. Its history, however, is the history of London for the last ten hundred years. Until the time of Queen Elizabeth it was a royal residence, and for many long years thereafter it remained a prison and a fortress.



BYWARD TOWER



IN THE OUTER WARD



THE TRAITORS' GATE

Nothing in London grips the imagination more firmly than the Tower. Who has not shuddered in childhood at the tales told of the London Tower; who has not sorrowed for the boyish princes smothered there, for Lady Jane

Grey, Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, and the rest who suffered death within its walls; for all the victims of royal hate or jealousy or ignorance who have languished or died within its bloody gates? The Tower, though its aspect has altered with the ages, never has been and is not now a tower, as we understand the word. It is a group of buildings—palaces, prisons, dungeons, churches, chapels, and barracks for the modern garrison—surrounded by strong walls and wide, dry moats. They enclose an area of thirteen acres. The most conspicuous feature is the square pile called the "White Tower," with its four corner turrets. It was built to overawe the city population by William the Conqueror, nearly a thousand years ago. It is not white, but in the year 1240 its inner walls were whitewashed, hence the name "White Tower." The chief sights



A BEEF-EATER



THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

of the Tower are the Crown Jewels and the Royal Regalia, worth fifteen million dollars, the cells of celebrated prisoners, the rooms where Walter Ralegh wrote his "History of the World," the scaffold where the headsman's axe twice made a widower of Henry VIII, the tower where King Henry VI was killed, the tower where minions of Richard III murdered his young nephews —



THE BANK OF ENGLAND

these are among the sights of the Tower of London, the "lions" of the place which every visitor may see as he treads this historic ground under the guidance of a red-clad warder — one of the famous Beef-eaters or Yeomen of the Guard. This well-fed corps is said to derive its name from the old French title "*buffetier*," applied to men who served at the royal buffet in the old Norman days when French was spoken at the English Court; or it may be that they are merely named for what they are, good eaters of good beef, types of Kipling's "four-meal, meat-fed men." They, too, are among the lions of the place, and apropos of the expression



THE GUILDHALL

"to see the lions," we are told that it originated here. There was once a menagerie at the Tower — caged lions were here on view as late as 1834, and it was held the first duty of every visitor to London to see the lions at the Tower; hence the well-known phrase.

London is not one city; it is about thirty towns and villages that have become cities and grown into one another without losing their respective identities.



THE ONLY TREE IN "THE CITY," IN CHEAPSIDE



A TENEMENT

Each is still governed by its own mayor and its own aldermen, each sends its own representative to Parliament, each has its own town hall, its own business center, its own parks and pleasure-grounds, and its own parishes.

Of all these united cities, the oldest and most famous is the one that is called "The City." It is the financial and commercial heart and center of the modern world, and in the midst of it stands England's greatest bank—the Bank of England.

To Londoners there is a distinction between being "in the city" and being "in town." In calling at the Chelsea home of an English



IN THE EAST END



EAST LONDON

friend, an artist, I asked the servant, "Is your master in the city?" "No, he is not, sir," he said. "When will he return?" I asked. "He is here now, sir," he answered. "But you said he was not in the city!" "He's not, sir; he's at home, here in the house — he never goes to the City."

IN THE PEOPLE'S
PALACE

Yet there is much that appeals to an artist in the City: there is the glorious old Guildhall; and there is even one real tree, one solitary tree, growing in Cheapside, famous as the only tree that has survived the crowded conditions that have long prevailed in London's inner "City."

East of the City's acres of banks and counting houses, with their hoarded gold and

never idle talents,

that wilderness of

poverty and mediocrity called the East End; its misery decently hid, its horrors screened by the brick walls of its homes and tenements, outwardly neat in aspect, reassuring to those who do not look within. But

London is doing much to improve the housing of her poor. Many model tenements have been erected by the London County Council, and there are many admirable institutions, like the People's Palace in

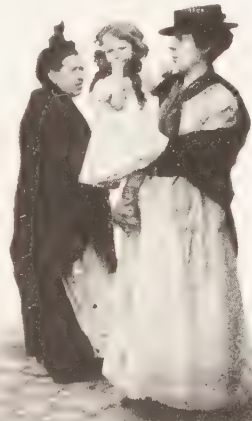
Mile End Road, where the poor may enjoy all sorts of necessary luxuries—from books to baths. But the raising of the "submerged tenth" must begin with the uplifting of the children.

Childhood is always fair and sweet. The children of the poor, the respectable poor, who people the better streets of the East End, and even the children of the slums, are for a few brief years



stretches

poverty and



"SEVEN DIALERS"

as dear and lovable and savable as the children of the rich. Take any healthy child and wash it clean and it becomes as sweet a morsel of humanity as any royal baby. The visitor to the fine swimming bath of the People's Palace might readily mistake the youngsters bathing there for the sons of rich or noble fathers; they are as fair of skin, as full of healthy appetites, and of as sturdy frame as little dukes or princes; but they are sons of poverty, and most of them are doomed to suffer the vicissitudes of life in the abyss of the East End. Their shoulders soon will bend beneath the burden of their class, their flesh take on the taint of East End vices, their minds be warped by the injustice of their lot, their lives be lived in mental and moral darkness, and their children will inherit a still larger portion of the curse that artificial civilization has bequeathed to the helpless poor of the world's overgrown cities.

It is difficult for us to realize the desperate situation of the empty, unclothed, homeless men and women who people the abyss, who walk the streets all night because they have no place to go, and because even the most kind-hearted "bobby" must obey orders and keep them "moving on." And on they move. I have encountered them at two and three A.M. slouching along, usually in the middle of the street, so broken in spirit that they

dared not ask again for the penny that had been so often refused. I have astonished them by offering a greeting and an unexpected sixpence, and



"ON THE BENCHES IN THE PARK"

they would look up a little dazed and say, "Oh, good God, gov'ner — thank you!" I have followed them in their aimless wanderings, as they move on from street to street, until at dawn the gates of the great parks are opened, and by some strange dispensation of the powers that be, the men who have been forced to keep awake and *walk* all night past endless rows

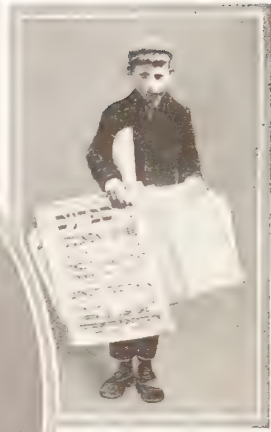


PETTICOAT LANE

of East End hovels are freely granted the right to *sleep* all day, stretched on the rain-soaked grass of the aristocratic parks in full view of the palaces of the West End; and there they lie unnoticed by the happy folk who pass by all day long, giving no thought to the so-called drunken tramps, the wrecks of civilization, cast up by the waters of the neighboring abyss.

Living upon the very verge of this abyss, surrounded by it on all sides, yet never falling into it, there is a community of that self-reliant, always self-supporting people, the Jews. Here in East London, as everywhere throughout the world, we find the Jews independent, asking nothing but the right to transact business.

Petticoat Lane is the chief thoroughfare of London's little Palestine. There every Sunday morning, while all the rest of London is wrapped in Sabbath calm, the Jews hold their great weekly market. We were given the freedom of the Lane by the famous "Kosher



King." Mr. E. Barnet, who is the leading purveyor of Kosher meat — that is, clean meat, prepared for market in accordance with the wise rules estab-

lished by the Jews in olden times. Mr. Barnet has made a goodly fortune here in the East End; some day perhaps he will be numbered among the very wealthy Jewish householders in the fashionable West End. As George R. Sims remarked to me one day, "It sometimes takes the



Jewish immigrant only three generations to get out of Petticoat and into Park Lane."

This has been done even in a single generation. You see the woman frying fish there in the window. Her name is Polly Nathan, and her nephew, once a ragged boy of this Lane, died as the owner of one of the grandest mansions in Park Lane. His name was Barney

Barnato, the Diamond King of South Africa. Yet Polly Nathan



THE "KOSHER KING" IN PETTICOAT LANE

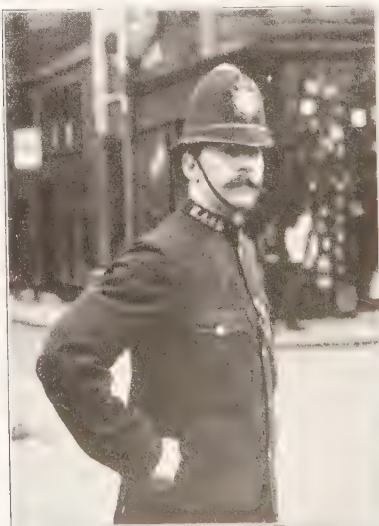


THE "KOSHER KING" AT HENLEY



A FAMOUS FRIER OF FISH

would not give up her local fame as the frier of the best fried fish in East London, in exchange for all the West End comforts that he offered her.



"BOBBY"

Toward the wealthy West End we now make our way, pausing to gaze up from the crowded streets at St. Paul's noble dome that seems to float there in the air, high above the throngs that pass through "the Fleet" and across Ludgate Circus and up Ludgate Hill.

The old St. Paul's had perished in the fire of 1666. Some



FLEET STREET AND LUDGATE HILL

years later, the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, designed this grander church; he assumed charge of its construction and lived to see it finished in the year 1710. It cost three and a half million dollars, raised chiefly by a tax on coal. The architect received, during the thirty years that he devoted to his task, a salary of



ST. PAUL'S

only about eighteen dollars a week! St. Paul's is the fifth largest church in Christendom. It could be put inside St. Peter's of Rome, and is surpassed in size by the Cathedrals of Milan, Seville, and Florence.

Fleet Street, which is London's "Newspaper Row," ends at Temple Bar, where the famous Strand begins. An inconsequential monument now marks the site of that old archway through which not even Kings or Queens of England could pass in state until they had received the formal sanction of that mighty City potentate,



the Lord Mayor of London, who is not mayor of all London, but simply mayor of the "City."

The Bar, built by Wren in 1670, became in time a barrier that impeded the increased circulation of London's most congested artery. It was removed in 1878, when this less obstructive monument was reared. The old stone gate, however, still exists, having been re-erected at the entrance to a private country seat

some fourteen miles

from

London; but



here it had stood, a celebrated landmark for more than two hundred years, adorned with statues of the Kings Charles I, Charles II, and James I, and from time to time with the heads of criminals on spikes

Close at hand we find the inconspicuous entrance to the famous precincts of the Temple, one of the centers of the legal life of London. These historic courts and



OLD TEMPLE BAR



THE FOUNTAIN COURT OF THE TEMPLE

gardens, through which we may wander in peace and silence from Fleet Street to the Thames, are in the possession of the lawyers' guilds that guard the entrance to the law. It has been well remarked that "there are obvious advantages in having some authority to govern such a profession as the Bar, and it is remarkable that the voluntary societies of Barristers themselves should have managed to engross and preserve it."

A student of law, before he can be called to practice and don the dignity and wig and gown of Barrister, must join one of these old societies, and comply with many antiquated



GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE

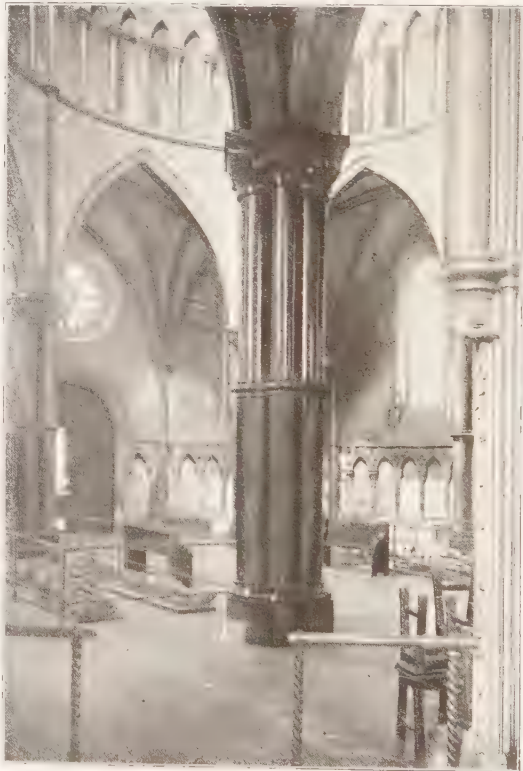


LEGAL LIGHTS

lover of these Temple shades, still bides not far from here, beneath a simple marble slab on which we read, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

The Temple takes its name from the Knights Templar who one time had their London stronghold here. Their church still stands, and in it lies the effigy of many a

usages and customs for the period of several years. But having been called to the Bar by the worthy Benchers, or senior governors of the Inns of Court, he takes up his abode in one of the quaint, quiet corners of his chosen Inn and waits with British patience for his initial brief. The Fountain Court of Middle Temple is one of the calmest and most contemplative corners of all London, a favorite haunt of many old-time Londoners of literary note, like Dr. Johnson, and Charles Lamb; while Goldsmith, another



KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

noble Knight, in armor, sleeping his last, his final sleep. Since the twelfth century they have lain here, and meanwhile all their world has passed away. Their mighty order of Militant Crusaders was dissolved in 1313; their Temple then became Crown property.

It is now worth incalculable millions, but for the last few centuries has been leased by the Crown to the legal corporations



THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

now occupying it for the amazing sum of ten pounds sterling, or forty-eight dollars and sixty cents a year.

Across the Strand looms the fine modern pile housing the Royal Courts of Justice, and behind it lies Lincoln's Inn, another of those calm enclosures consecrated to the Benchers and the Barristers.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a lover of those great quiet domains of the various Inns of Court. "Nothing else in London," he wrote, "is so like the effect of a spell as to pass under one of these archways and find yourself transported from the jumble, rush, tumult, uproar, as of an age of weekdays condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal Sabbath." Indeed, how much of charm

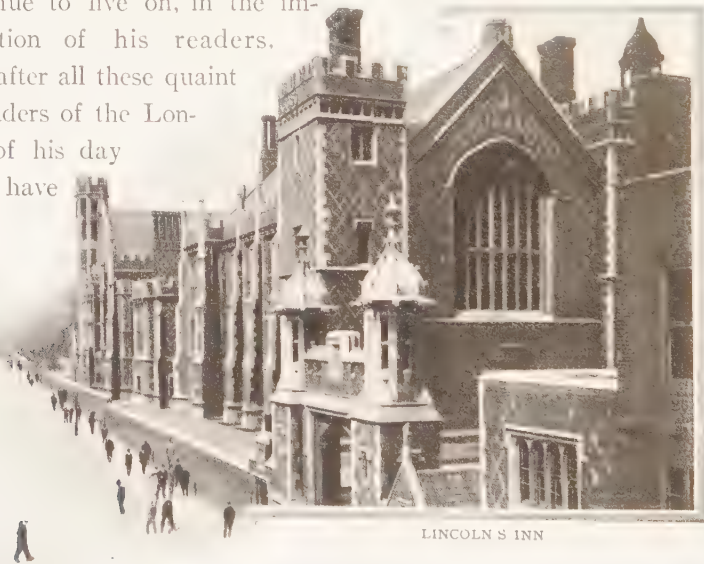


THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

can be lent to an old street or an old house by a graceful paragraph, penned by a man of genius, who can say for us all that we wish that we ourselves had said.

The most potent magic wand is the pen of the great writer; at its touch the ephemeral and commonplace becomes enduring and romantic. Think you that millions of people would have come to stare at a famous little old house near Lincoln's Inn merely because it was old and queer and different from other houses? But the pen of Dickens pointed the way to it, and his world of readers made it a Mecca.

It may, or may not be the Old Curiosity Shop that Dickens peopled with his famous characters — those personages who will continue to live on, in the imagination of his readers, long after all these quaint reminders of the London of his day shall have



LINCOLN'S INN



ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

disappeared — but it has been so long associated with the fame of Dickens that the world resents all doubts as to its authenticity.

World-famous names greet us at every turn in London; and one of the traveler's chief joys is in fitting pictures to these names and then comparing the real picture with his preconception of the scene. The results are interesting, sometimes surprising. "Covent Garden," for example, is not a garden — it stands for both an opera-house and a market-place — yet, it was once the garden of the old monks of Westminster. No vegetables, fruit, or flowers grow to-day there on the site where once industrious holy men raised produce for their monastery tables. The monks are gone, gone is the cloistered garden, but the old name, "Convent Garden" survives, with the loss of one letter, as "Covent Garden," and the sterile pavements witness every morning a colossal trafficking



THE COSTER'S CART



THE GREEN ROOM CLUB

in all the good gifts of nature, from the richest fruits of the far-off tropics to the poorest and prettiest of domestic daisies.

On the stage of the Royal Opera of Covent Garden glitters the same galaxy of stars that shines for us behind the footlights of opera-houses in New York and other cities. The London opera season follows that of New York, beginning in the spring, a happy dispensation for the song-birds of Grand Opera; they need not choose between New York and London; they may twitter merrily in both big cities and add London's guineas to the dollars of New York. Not far from Covent Garden stands another famous



ONE WHO SERVES THE STARS



DRURY LANE

theater, perhaps the most famous play-house of the English-speaking world. It was the scene of the historic triumphs of Garrick, the Kembles, Kean, and Mrs. Siddons, and on its stage Sir Henry Irving made his last metropolitan appearance.

London's theatrical center is at Leicester Square, which may be best surveyed from the windows of the Green Room Club, a club that is to London what The Lambs' is to New York; that is to say, the place where the men whose business is to entertain the metropolis from eight until eleven may, after "business hours," entertain themselves, or find that absolute repose of spirit that can be enjoyed only in company with those who are of *our* kind, or those who, while they may not be "of the profession," know us and *understand*. There stage celebrities are not stared at.

Thus, we can almost pardon the super-exclusiveness of another club — one of London's most aristocratic organizations in Pall Mall — that will not permit even the momentary introduction of

a stranger, because, so it is said, each and every member is a personage of such exalted rank or of such world-famed eminence that even the best bred of outsiders would be certain to forget himself and stare at the assembled celebrities in such a way as to disconcert the noble, famous, and self-conscious company.

Leicester Square marks not only the center of theatrical London, but also the frontier of "that foreign country called



Soho," where dwells a culinary colony of French, Italian, and Swiss folk, thanks to whose enterprise and skill it is now possible really to dine well and cheaply in London. A marble Shakespeare in the middle of the square gazes reprovingly at two theaters that are devoted chiefly to the ballet. To become *coryphées* at the Alhambra or the Empire is the ambition of all the likely-looking girls of the surrounding quarter. The dancing madness seizes children, maidens, mothers, toddling tots, babies in arms, whenever or wherever a discordant Hurdy Gurdy begins its rapid fire of imported ragtime music. Thus even the poorest "kiddies" of the quarter have their amusements, their music and dancing,

their gardens and fountains — all of these things idealized and made delightful to them by the magic of the child's imagination. No doubt their idealized realities bring far more happiness than the realized ideals of grown-up folk, who find in London a satisfaction for every desire, however costly or extravagant.

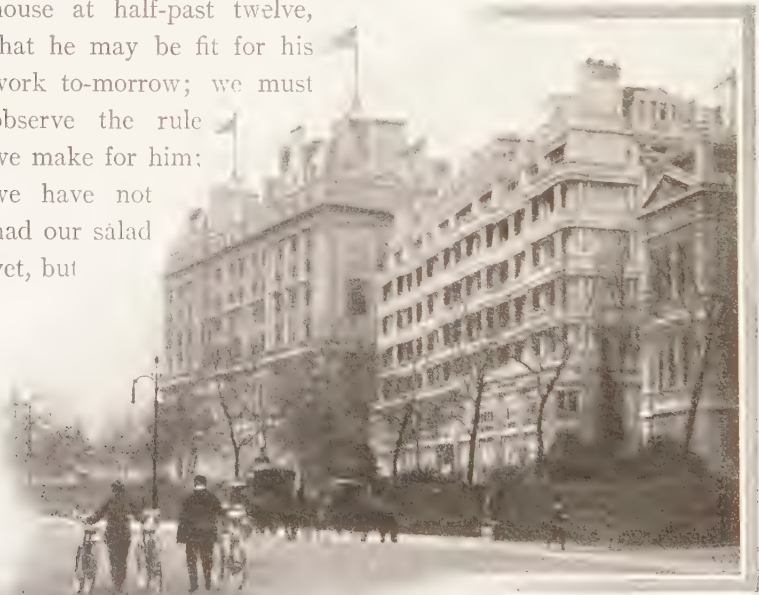
Armed with this thought, we may approach London's temples of ease, luxury, good cooking, and extravagance,— the ultra-fashion-



able hotels. The great hotels of London are expensive, and yet not hopelessly so when we compare their charges with those of the greater hotels of the United States. The inner shrine of each of these "temples" is the *salle-à-manger*, at the threshold of which we needs must pause, for during "the season" only the elect may pass its portals, and then only with the consent of the presiding priest in the person of an autocratic and very diplomatic head waiter. The Sunday dinner at the Carlton or the Savoy, when the season is at its height, is a scene not soon to be forgotten; and after dinner, the gorgeously arrayed, sweet-scented multitude masses itself in the palm rooms to discuss coffee, liqueurs, and —

one another. These rooms are sometimes so packed with pretty people that the servants cannot circulate. We may weary our eyes with looking at faultless frocks, priceless jewels, and snowy shoulders; but as a rule the men are handsomer than the women.

Another not-to-be-forgotten scene is an after-theater supper at these hotels, when the same dainty, luxury-loving folk arrive — an exquisite array of elegance and beauty — at half-past eleven; a six-course supper is then served as rapidly as possible, for at half-past twelve the restaurant is closed; not closed, as in America, by shutting the outer doors and letting no new-comers in, but closed absolutely, by extinguishing the lights and turning everybody out! And down and out comes all that elegance and beauty to its waiting cabs and carriages and motors. No one protests; Duke and Duchess, financial king and social queen, Lord and Lady, gilded youth and footlight favorite, one and all rise and depart at the polite but firm command of the head waiter. It is as if these people of the ruling class had said to themselves, "We make the laws; we send the working-man home from his public house at half-past twelve, that he may be fit for his work to-morrow; we must observe the rule we make for him; we have not had our salad yet, but



THE SAVOY AND THE CECIL

never mind, *noblesse oblige*, let us go home." How admirable and how un-American!

Un-American, too, is the conspicuous absence of the conspicuous "millinery creations" and "business suits" that spoil the picture in our restaurants. No

one may dine or sup or even appear in the coffee-room unless in evening dress.

No hats for women and full evening dress for men are the rules, unwritten but rigidly



AT THE CARLTON

enforced. This gives a delightful finish to that attractive show of well-dressed, immensely fashionable, and at the same time immensely well-bred, people. Though there is much animation there is no confusion; though every one is gorgeously arrayed



AT THE SAVOY

no one is conspicuous; though all are talking and laughing the voices and the laughter are not heard — it all resolves itself into a well-bred murmur. They say that the only conversations that rise articulate above the polite hum and buzz of British verbal interchange are the high-pitched conversations of our trans-

Atlantic talkers; the only laughter that rises above the quiet English modulations is the laughter of the "gent" from "Arkansaw," the "gurl" from "Ioway," or the "folks" of the newest of New York's new millionaires. And that is why they don't like us over there in London; they say we have not learned to modulate the voice. And, seriously, we can't help feeling that our people are distinctly out of tune with London, that we almost always talk and laugh hopelessly off their key. 'This is not to say that their key is the only well-bred key; in fact, it never seems to our ears quite sincere, but it is without question a polished key, and one with which our franker utterance can never harmonize.



THE HOTEL RUSSELL.

The tourist center of London is at Trafalgar Square, where England expects every man to do homage to England's greatest sailor, Admiral Lord Nelson, whose form in bronze dominates the square that bears the name of his most famous, and to him fatal, victory. It is difficult to-day to realize all that Trafalgar meant to England. It meant deliverance from the old threat of invasion by Napoleon, for there, off Cape Trafalgar, which is on the coast of Spain, Napoleon's armada of French and Spanish ships was reduced to wreckage by the fire of Lord Nelson's fleet, but there, amid the tumult of his last and greatest battle, the victor died a glorious death! The allies lost nineteen ships out of their thirty-three, but England lost her greatest Admiral, Lord Nelson dying in the hour of victory. The fight was fought October 21st, in the year 1805.

But other features of this great site, frequently called "the finest site in Europe," claim our attention. The perfect Grecian portico of St. Martin's Church is a delight to all lovers of pure classic architecture, and that dumpy, much abused abode of art,



TRAFALGAR SQUARE

the National Gallery, continues to grate on the artistic perceptions of its innumerable detractors.

But oh, the glory of the inner walls of that grimy treasure-house of pictures, containing as it does one of the most important collections of paintings in the world! If it be true, as Hazlitt says, that "a fine gallery of pictures is like a palace of thought,"



THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS

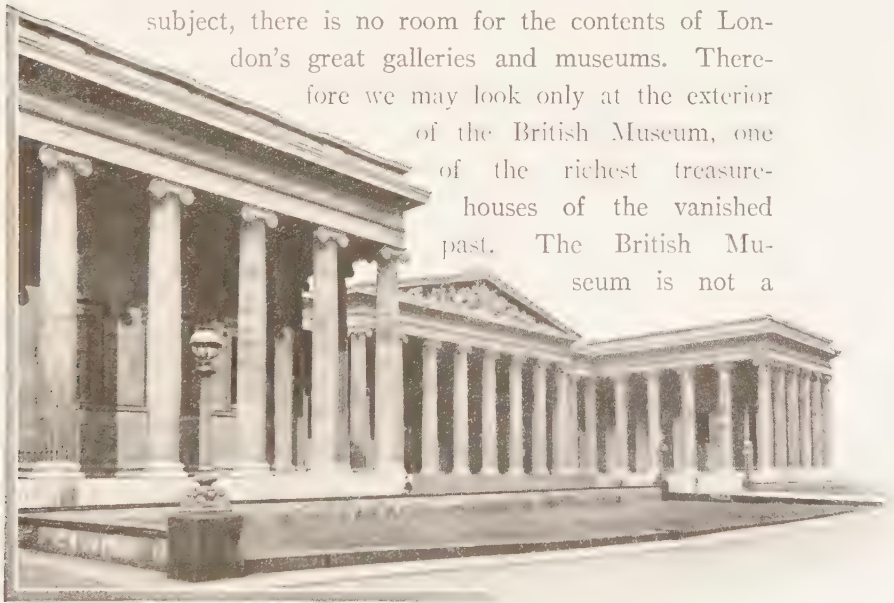
then does this gallery represent the best thought of all the ages. The best of all is there enshrined; each canvas marks a summit scaled, an alpine height in art, a pinnacle of perfection beyond which human inspiration cannot go. The mere photographer must not profane the temple; let him but pass respectfully before the portico, turn to the left, and halt again before the entrance of another gallery wherein we find the pictured forms of England's kings and queens, her statesmen, warriors, thinkers, and philosophers. It is a national gallery of portraits of the nation's great, from the times of Edward III to those of George V—six hundred years of English history made real for us as we read



NATIONAL GALLERY AND ST. MARTIN'S

it in the faces of those who played the leading parts in the long, splendid drama of the nation's rise to world supremacy!

In a travel lecture, which must cover so many phases of its subject, there is no room for the contents of London's great galleries and museums. Therefore we may look only at the exterior of the British Museum, one of the richest treasure-houses of the vanished past. The British Museum is not a



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

mere museum. It is a *world*, a wonderful world, made up of fragments of the "world-that-was" before our time.

There in its halls we find the best of antique Greece in the immortal Elgin Marbles; there Egypt spreads her unwrapped mysteries before our wondering eyes; there Rome, Assyria, and all the lands of other days reveal to us, through the medium of sculptured stone, chiseled metal, or parchments, lettered and



hieroglyphed, what manner of lands they were, what manner of life their people led; dead civilizations may be studied there.

But you and I have come to study living London, to see what manner of life is lived in the London of to-day; and so we come to Piccadilly Circus to watch the world go by — the commonplace world of which we are a part, but a world which becomes wonderful the moment that we are content to step aside and for a space become merely spectators of its every-day doings.

The passings and repassings of the myriad buses, motor-buses, hansoms, and four-wheelers; the ceaseless crossings and

intercrossings of the human millions is one of the most impressive things in London — one difficult to picture, for in a picture we do not feel the endlessness of the procession.

To get the "feel" of London's streets we should traverse them day after day, viewing them from the outside seats of many buses.

The London bus is one of London's elevating joys; it elevates one from the dead level of the streets, gives one a point of view



that is at once commanding, comfortable, comprehensive, and extremely cheap. The shop-girl on a penny bus may literally look down upon Milady in her smart victoria. But both the buses of the people and the broughams of the swells are indiscriminately halted at every busy intersecting street by the all-powerful and always polite policeman. The hand that wears the glove of the policeman rules the road, and rules it very well. No driver dares to question the silent, firm command of the uplifted hand. The "bobby," as he is affectionately called by a grateful and appreciative public, — the "bobby" is indeed the boss, the autocrat,

of the crossing, bringing a semi-silent order and celerity out of what appears about to become inextricable confusion and interminable delay.

The London "bobby" is the Londoner's best friend, the best friend of the stranger. He is found at nearly every corner, a tower of strength and courtesy, feared by the evil-doer, looked up to by



REGENT QUADRANT

the humble, and respected and obeyed by every one. He is an encyclopedia of local information; he answers our questions fully, carefully, and with a fine, respectful civility that is most impressive to us who come fresh from the uncivil cities of our own busy land where no one seems to have time to be polite.

The streets of London do not all teem with traffic. There are long miles of residential quietude, and many acres of park-like peace in the form of little squares adorned with old, old trees, and steeped in a damp stillness that is most refreshing. Fronting on one of these, Manchester Square, stands one of the most notable of London's noble dwellings, Hertford House, to which the world



MODERNIZATION OF THE QUADRANT

is now admitted freely every day. It is the late residence of Sir Richard Wallace, containing the exquisite collection bequeathed in 1807 by his widow to the nation. The contents of this private palace are



SELFRIDGE'S. THE GREAT AMERICAN DEPARTMENT STORE IN OXFORD STREET

valued at twenty million dollars. The house itself is the "Gaunt House" of Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," and the founder of the collection was the third Marquis of Hertford, who figured in that novel as Lord Steyne. His heir, the fourth Marquis of



QUEEN'S HALL

Hertford, spent his life in Paris, where he indulged in the luxury of buying beautiful things, housing his artistic treasures in that exquisite estate known as "The Bagatelle," that lay, like a mysterious, secluded paradise, in the midst of the Bois de Boulogne, shut in by high walls, and so screened by foliage that its existence was ignored even by many old frequenters of the Bois. The Bagatelle, with its little



A HUMAN SANDWICH



THE MORNING POST, THE WALDORF THEATER AND HOTEL, AND THE GAIETY THEATER

palaces and its spacious park and gardens, has been purchased recently by the City of Paris, and is now open to the public, but the collection was removed to London by Sir Richard Wallace, who had inherited the Hertford millions, lands, and



OUR BILLBOARDS ON THE BUSES

treasures. The late Sir Richard, who rounded out and completed the wonderful collection now known as the Wallace Collection, was a man of exquisite taste and unassuming manner. It is related that one day, resolved to present one of his most valuable



HERTFORD HOUSE

Old Masters to the National Gallery, he himself carried the picture under his arm into the office of the Director, who received him with official frigidity, and was about to reject the proffered parcel and to have his modest visitor shown out, when the latter quietly remarked, "My name is Wallace, Sir Richard Wallace, and I came merely to offer this picture to the National Gallery." The pompous official nearly fainted, for he had been upon the point of rudely refusing that celebrated little canvas by Terburg, called the "Peace of Münster," valued at nearly fifty thousand dollars.

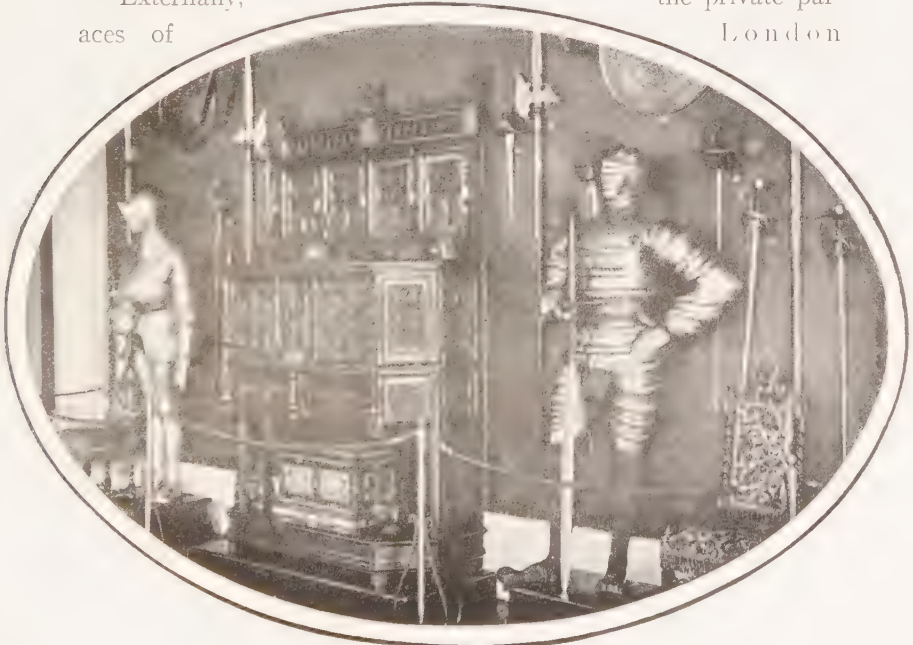
And even when Sir Richard offered to leave his entire collection to the nation, the government raised objections! And when in 1897, seven years after his death, it was finally accepted, experts were sent to examine the collection critically, but although they were instructed to "throw out all the rubbish," they did not find one single object



that could be spared. Not one unworthy object was included in that marvelous collection — each several object represented a masterwork of painter, sculptor, metal-worker, or artistic craftsman of some kind. The array of arms and armor is extremely fine.

Externally,
aces of

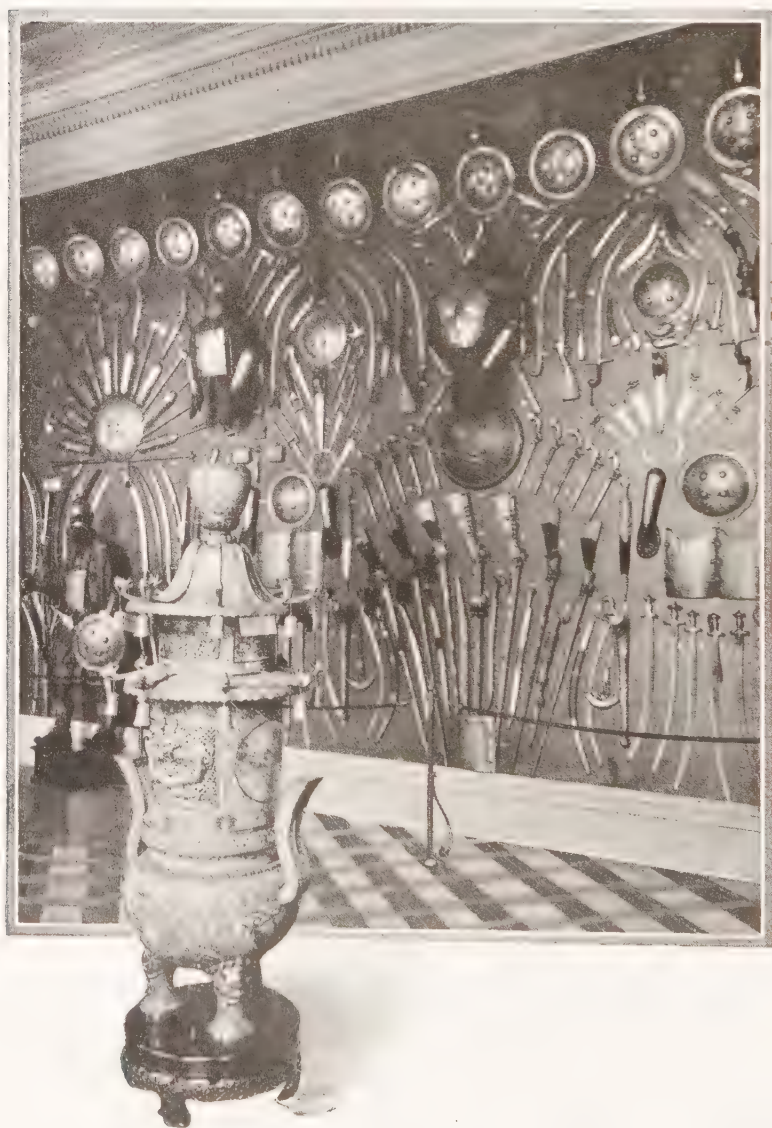
the private pal-
aces of London



THE WALLACE COLLECTION

are not, as a rule, attractive. Typical of their grim ugliness is the side of Devonshire House that fronts on Piccadilly; it looks more like a dingy old police station than like the dwelling of one of England's richest peers. More elegant in outward seeming are the homes of fashion in Belgrave Square, but the houses of Mayfair, the smartest of smart neighborhoods, are plain to the verge of ugliness.

Dingy and ugly, too, although imposing in an awkward way, is that grim and prim old church, St. George's in Hanover Square, famed for its fashionable marriage ceremonies to the number of



over a thousand a year — that is, about three weddings every week day! Within St. George's walls many of our fairest and richest daughters of democracy have been joined in holy wedlock to scions of old English families, or to the sons of our own millionaires; for it has become quite the thing for our wandering wealthy to be married far from home, and the fashionable fame of St. George's in Hanover Square appeals to them with all the force of recognized tradition. Another famous building in this same quarter is Burlington House, home of the Royal Academy and scene of the great exhibitions of modern art. The annual exhibitions are undeniably great in number and variety of canvases, although much of the art there represented falls far short of greatness, and we are amazed to find on the walls of so famous a gallery so many pictures that would be unworthy of a place even in an art student's show in a minor American city. But in criticising British art and London architecture, the American must not overlook the thousand and one things which are done better in England than



DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

in America. The London "lifts," or elevators, for example, may be crude and slow, but the "lift attendant" is *polite*. The buses may be antiquated, but the bus conductor still collects the fares with old-time courtesy; such insolence and rough handling as are meted out to passengers in our own up-to-date subways and trolley cars would not be tolerated for a moment by the citizens of London.



BELGRAVE SQUARE

It cannot be denied that there is a finish and refinement about things English that many things American, despite their material superiority, most sadly lack. To employ a very far-fetched illustration, yet one that will at once make clear just what I mean, glance at the fac-simile, on page 59, of a bill for services that was presented to me by a London dentist. I had asked for my account. I received by post what I at first mistook for an engraved invitation to a ball or a banquet. I sent a check for the amount; a few days later came another exquisite specimen of engraved stationery, acknowledging the receipt of my prompt but paltry payment, and with it a portrait of his Majesty, King Edward, for no receipt

is legal unless a penny stamp has been affixed and duly cancelled. Contrast this with what we should expect at home — a printed bill-head, with these words writ thereunder:

“To filling one cavity, \$15.00

Please remit,”

and the subsequent brusque and abbreviated

“Rec’d paym’t.

Dr. James

Per Rosie Driggs, Stenog.”

Of course we say that we have not time for all that “polite nonsense,” but isn’t it agreeable just the same?

Park Lane is the upper Fifth Avenue of London. To engrave the words “Park Lane” upon a calling card is almost to transform

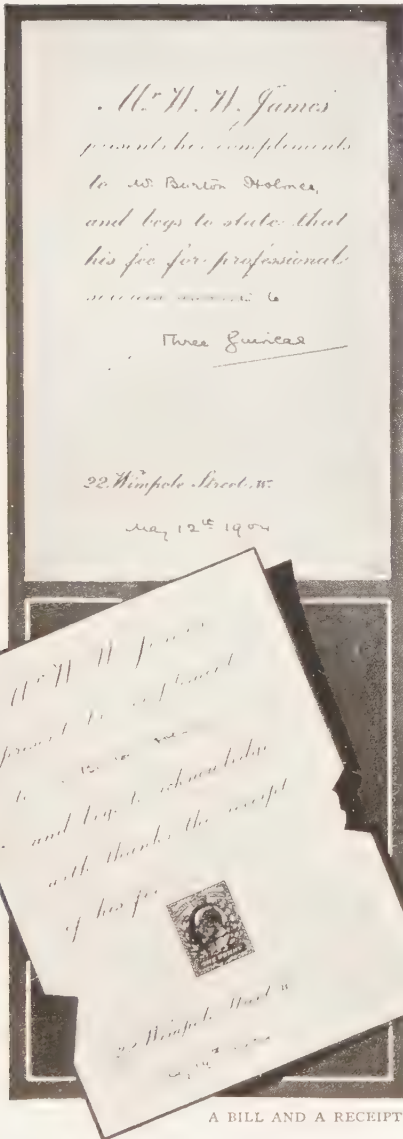


THE RITZ

that card into a social passport. The mansions of the Park Lane millionaires overlook Hyde Park. For the most part they are less splendid externally than the American palaces that front on Central Park. Of the interiors I saw but one — that of the town house of Lord Brassey, who kindly gave me the freedom of the private museum, filled with the artistic spoil of many of those famous voyages made by the late Lady Brassey in her yacht, the "Sunbeam." A more delightful museum I have never seen. Every object treasured there recalls or represents some interesting experience or some rare acquisition in some far corner of the world. Lord and Lady Brassey have been everywhere, and always in their own yacht, on which, by the way, my old guide in Morocco, Haj



ST. GEORGE'S IN HANOVER SQUARE



Abd-er-Rhaman Salama, once served a long apprenticeship as cook; and as we viewed the treasures there in that Park Lane mansion we recalled the tone of triumph with which Haj Abd-er-Rhaman used to announce to us, as we pitched our camp in all the discomfort of a rainy night on the desolate Moorish plain, "Never mind, gentlemen, to-night I make you a dinner like I used to make for Lady Brassey on the 'Sunbeam.'"

To appreciate the elegance of the West End, the traveler should come to Hyde Park Corner directly from the East End — so near and yet so far away. Orient and Occident, England and Asia, are not farther, one from another, than the poverty-stricken East End of London from the splendid West End of the world's richest city. As we gaze at the pillared portico of Apsley House, given by England to

the Duke of Wellington, the stately front of Rothschild's residential palace, the dignified façades of other rich men's dwellings, the noble abodes of fashion in Belgravia, the spacious streets,

the flowery balconies that overlook the shady squares — all these things speak of wealth and luxury, of the very refinement of elegance, the commonplaceness of extravagance. London is indeed the best city in the world for the rich; the worst for the poor. In Whitechapel, families of seven working and starving



PARK LANE

in one room with the rent collector at the door. In Mayfair, seven idle ladies drinking seven dainty cups of tea, with seven idle footmen waiting at the door. In Mayfair the very thought of poverty becomes absurd; life seems one everlasting holiday and luxury, the normal lot of man. But doubtless there are many homes in Mayfair where the slaves of fashion find it difficult to make the two ends meet. However, the West End as a whole is wealthy; the entire Empire pays it tribute. It owns the crowded tenements of the East End; it owns rich lands in England and in Ireland; its capital has been invested in the surest and most

profitable enterprises in all corners of the world. We feel behind this great perpetual display of wealth, of which Hyde Park is the chief scene and center, the toiling millions of two hemispheres, the peasants who are tilling other people's lands, the workers who are doing other people's work, the clerks and employés and managers of vast concerns throughout the world, who are helping to earn the dividends for the shareholders here "at home."

The splendid expanse of Hyde Park — six hundred and thirty acres of park land in the heart of residential London — was once church property known as the Manor of Hyde. Henry VIII made it a royal park; Queen Elizabeth's subjects hunted deer in Hyde Park; those of Charles II came to see horse races here; those of King Edward come here to be seen and to see one another's clothes — especially on Sunday, at the hour of the weekly "Church Parade." Hundreds of women beautifully gowned, hundreds of men in the traditional frock coat and silk hat of the English gentleman, come to Hyde Park after church, not necessarily *from* the churches, but after church time, and then for an hour or more fashionable London stares at itself in these



DORCHESTER HOUSE; RESIDENCE OF THE LATE AMBASSADOR REID

perfumed pathways that skirt the "little paradise that's called Park Lane." On weekday afternoons crowds of humbler folk assemble to watch the fashionable driving in "The Ring." No cabs or buses, carts or wagons are allowed to circulate within the park; the splendid show of rank and fashion is not marred, as is the case in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, by the presence of public cabs with broken-down horses, unkempt drivers and cargoes of cheap, ill-dressed people who, in coming to see the pretty people, spoil what would be, without such intruders, a most artistic show. In Hyde Park the smart set and the plain people do not try to mingle. While wealth and elegance go driving round the Ring and over the bridge across to the Serpentine, the plain folk go rowing up and down that noble sheet of water, showing their plebeian shirt-sleeves and having a much better time than the fine folk in their carriages.

The Serpentine is an artificial lake, but seen from the bridge it presents a vista which has, as Henry James has said, "an extra-



HOMES OF WELLINGTON AND ROTHSCHILD

ordinary nobleness"; at least Baedeker says that Henry James said that, and we, looking upon the noble view, agree that Henry James has spoken well. Not quite so apt was the remark of the American who, as he watched the wretched oarsmanship of the cockney crews trying to row their little boats along the Serpentine, exclaimed, "So that's why they call it Rotten Row!"

Of course he was mistaken. Rotten Row, as every one should know, is a long, wide bridle-path taking its



THE GATEWAY AT HYDE PARK CORNER

name from the old French name of the old "Road of the King," the "*Route du Roi*." You see how relentlessly the English Anglicize their old French names. Think of it — *Route du Roi* turned into Rotten Row!

That English men and women are devoted to the horse becomes at once self-evident to any one who watches the equestrian parade in Rotten Row. Some of them carry their devotion to their dogs even beyond the grave. The little dog cemetery in Hyde Park, near Victoria Gate, is to some people the most interesting Campo Santo in all London. There lie the deceased pets of aristocratic

families. These pets were chiefly canine, a few feline, several avian and two or three simian — but most were just dear dogs. Let me read a few epitaphs that I copied at random: "Jack, a faithful friend"; "Here lies Sappho, far from my eyes, near to my heart"; "A perfect dog, Plato"; "Schneider, aged 18"; "Jack the Dandy, a sportsman and a pal." Then there are three



IN HYDE PARK

tombstones near together bearing the names of three dogs who in life were utter strangers, but whose names are now inseparably linked in the memory of every thirsty visitor,—“Scottie,” “Paddie,” and “Whiskey.” Upon another stone I read, “A little Dog with a Big Heart.”

London has twelve great parks, and forty-nine great squares that are practically parks, to say nothing of the open stretches of country, such as Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest, reserved as playgrounds for the London poor. Hyde Park and its adjacent green spots, St. James’s and Green Park and Kensington Gardens are the most precious possessions of the denizens of the great city. Surrounded on all sides by the abodes of wealth, these parks form

almost a continuous green carpet, here and there overspread with gorgeous floral rugs. One summer Sunday I went forth to enjoy a day with Nature. I tramped or loitered on all day, covering not less than ten good miles, yet never going beyond the limits of these parks, and scarcely coming within sight of the encircling streets. I simply wandered round about St. James Park, skirting the pretty lakelet, or following the winding walks amid the shrubbery. I zigzagged across the open meadows of Green Park, struck out across the prairies and lost myself in the little forests of Hyde Park, finding it difficult to believe that all this lay in the heart of the great city. Yet it is a splendid fact that London has embraced and will preserve so long as London lives these fragments of the fragrant, living country, these acres of God-made reality and beauty, in the midst of her countless square miles of man-made artificiality and ugliness. Many charming little bits of beauty are discovered by one who gives a day to a diligent exploration of these royal parks, around which crowds a population of over seven millions. The wonder is that the parks are not packed with people all the time — that there is room for all this quietude and calm. It is strange indeed when we think of the pressure of the dense multitude without that this



THE "GRUPP H. L. P. A. I. D."

great vacuum, this area of land unoccupied and empty, should not be filled instantly to overflowing by an irresistible inrush of humanity from the congested regions round about. This happens only now and then, as the result of some slight socialistic agitation of that encircling human sea. Wave after wave of decently



THE SERPENTINE

dressed and earnest men rolls quietly in from the surrounding streets, settles into a calm sea of faces upturned toward the orator, who is thundering a condemnation of the existing order of things. I sat throughout an afternoon among the speakers on the wagon used as a rostrum. I listened in amazement to the most outspoken abuse of the government, yet not a protest came from any of the many bobbies within earshot. The working-men listen attentively, applaud with discrimination, and when the show is over pick up their gorgeous banners and march off as they came, in orderly,

well-ordered ranks, obeying every behest of the polite but firm policemen. Apropos of the gaudy insignia of the various Trades Unions seen on such an occasion, we observed with satisfaction the picture on the banner of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors. It represented Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, thus



ROTTEN ROW

quietly reminding us that man owes a great deal to his tailors! Some men owe more than others, but they don't use banners to advertise the fact.

The turf of these great parks is remarkably fine. We recall the English gardener's recipe for turf, "Take two hundred years," and the little school-girl's definition of turf, "Turf is grass and clean dirt put together by God"; but how all that perfect turf and all the pretty flowers and all the grand old trees in the parks and club domains in London can continue to exist is indeed

a mystery. We suppose that smoke and soot are fatal to plant life, and we know, or rather we are told by scientific observers, that on every square mile of London's area there are deposited one thousand two hundred and forty-eight tons of soot every year; in other words, every square mile of this closely built metropolis is receiving a coating of solid matter, precipitated by the smoky fog at the rate of about three



and a half tons a day!

Yet English trees OF THE PRIVILEGED CLASS and grass and flowers keep on growing in this province of brick that is called London. But how urgent and important it is that the remaining green and open spaces in and near London should be kept green and open and as blessedly wild and uncultivated as possible. And this is being done. If the rich have their Country Clubs at Ranelagh and Hurlingham on the southwest, the poor have their Epping Forest rolling away in wooded loveliness

on the northeast, and they have Hampstead Heath lifting its bare,



breezy hills on the northwest. "Breezy," however, is not the word for 'appy 'ampstead on a 'oliday; "cyclonic" or "tempestuous" better defines the conditions that prevail there on Bank Holiday. For a definition of Bank Holiday I must refer you to the composition of an East End school-boy who wrote, "They call this happy day



Bank Holiday, becous the banks shut up shop so as people can't put their money in but has to spend it. Bank Holidays is the happiest days of your life, becous you can do nearly what you like and the perlice don't take no notice of you."



THE CANINE CAMPO SANTO AT
VICTORIA GATE

It is on a Bank Holiday that one sees the Cockney in his element. What is a Cockney? No Londoner will admit that a Cockney is a typical Londoner, yet all the world regards London as a community of Cockneys. Why is that epithet, Cockney, universally applied to a man who lives and dies in London. One good authority assures us that it is derived from an old expression,



THE COACHING CLUBS MEET

“a cockered child,” meaning an effeminate fellow, a derisive appellation for a townsman in contrast to the hardier peasant or countryman. Another explanation of the origin of the word is more amusing. It is related that in olden days a city father took his city son for the first time into the rural districts. A horse out in the fields gave utterance to a sound strange to the ears of the astonished city lad. “Father, what does the animal?” he asked. “Son, the horse neighs,” replied the well-informed wise parent. “But, father,” said the boy a moment later, as he heard for the first time a rooster’s voice, “Father,

does the cock neigh, too?" And so they called the little Londoner a "Cockney." This is probably from "Punch."

There is of course a distinction between the Cockney and the Coster. The real Coster is a peddler, and he owes his name to an apple. Long years ago the peddlers most popular and prosperous were those who sold a special kind of apple called a "Costard



IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER

Apple." As they sold Costards they were called Costard-mongers. Then the "d" was dropped and they became Coster-mongers, and to-day, although they have branched out from the apple trade and are engaged in peddling many kinds of food — from fruit to garden truck — they owe their title "Coster" to the apple that brought fame and some share of fortune to the peddlers of the past. At least this was the story as told me by a Londoner who knows his London very well — no less an authority than Mr. George R. Sims, who has written much of the "Living London" of recent years, and who from week to week comments cleverly on



TALLY HO!

the doings of the London of the passing moment in his celebrated column, "Mustard and Cress," in one of the most popular weeklies of the metropolis. One day I had the pleasure of showing Mr. Sims something in his own London he had never chanced to see — to take him to one of the few restaurants which he had never visited — the American Quick Lunch in the Strand. He gazed in wonder at the peculiar paraphernalia that are essential to the attainment of trans-Atlantic speed in serving food; he watched a few New Yorkers bolting their mid-



AROUND THE RING



RANELAGH

day meal. When I asked him what he would like for luncheon, he replied, "Just a streak of lightning with electric sauce!" "The lightning has just struck," the imported waiter said, so Mr. Sims partook of corned-beef hash, hot cakes, and, what to a Londoner is the deadliest of all American mixed drinks — made of ice and water. As I have not had the pleasure of his company since then, I begin to fear that I have sacrificed the respect and confidence of that eminent native upon the altar of an alien cuisine.

London of
own

course has its
kind



HURLINGHAM

of quick lunch, too,—admirable restaurants where wholesome food is served with celerity at very modest prices. Amusing to the American are many of the little economies practiced in the cheaper establishments; for example, if you wish to save a penny, simply do not ask for a napkin; if you do insist upon one, an extra charge of two cents will appear on your check. But even



CRYSTAL PALACE

in the most modest places you will find the courtesy that is so sadly lacking in American cafés of the corresponding class. When you give your order, the waitress will say "Thank you" — but she says it so quickly that it sounds as if she had merely interrupted a silent saying over of the alphabet, to pronounce aloud the letter "Q." Again, when you accept the proffered roll, she murmurs "Q"; when you complain that the beef is too well done, a polite "Q" is all you hear; the same short sound of "Q" or "kew" is evoked by the bestowal of your two-cent tip; and as you take your hat to go, she "kews" an adieu and you "Q" the gods that you are to escape at last from her monosyllabic gratitude.

There are times when the American is tempted to cry out against the too insistent courtesy of the servants in the restaurants and hotels, or of those who serve in the shops. It all seems to argue both a lack of self-respect and an appalling absence of any sense of humor. There is a servile, subservient, cringing, and, strangely enough, at the same time contemptuous mien, peculiar



IN CRYSTAL PALACE

to the salesman or saleswoman in the fashionable shops, that amazes and offends the shopper from "the States." I encountered one day a peculiarly aggravated case of humorless humility and self-satisfied *hauteur*. It was in one of those *recherché* art galleries in Bond Street — the daintiest and most expensive shopping street in London. I had dropped in to look at an exhibition of water-colors there exposed for sale, but — one of the littlenesses of London — the prospective purchaser had to pay a shilling for the privilege of looking at the pictures, with which the shopkeeper hoped to win his custom. The young man in charge, clad in a long frock coat, escorted me formally from frame to frame, rubbing

his hands softly together and murmuring unctuous responses and indorsing very humbly any criticism I might make. "Yes, Sir, quite so, Sir — indeed, Sir — you are quite right, Sir — oh yes, Sir, very true, Sir" — until I wanted to seize him by the beard and smite him into some semblance of self-respect. He seemed to respect me so much that I resented it, and when he made his one bold stroke and spoke right out and said, "May I ask, Sir — may I take the liberty of inquiring, Sir — of what class of pictures does *your* collection consist" — I could not resist assuring him in an equally earnest tone, "My collection consists merely of all the great canvases by all the great masters, of all the famous schools" — and as he looked blankly at me, I added, "and for convenience I keep them in such places as the National Gallery, the Louvre, the Pitti Palace, and the Vatican, and I travel around from time to time to look at them," whereupon



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL

he murmured, "Oh, indeed, Sir," but without any trace of impolite astonishment in his well-modulated voice. Probably to himself he said, "Another of those mad Americans!" All that servility may perhaps be taken seriously by the English gentleman as a matter of course, but to the American, accustomed to the free and easy address of the

I'm-just-as-

good-as-you-

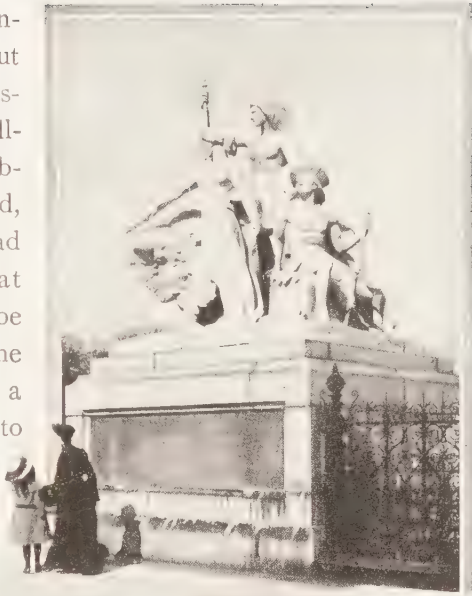
are employé, it is

as exasperating as

is to the Englishman the

seeming rudeness of our

people. Englishmen delight to tell of how they have rebuked what they regard as the unpardonable insolence of the lower classes in America. One very clever British actor, who has toured the States several times, has one unfailing method for humbling the haughty personage who collects tickets on the trains. When the free-born, independent, and usually disdainful conductor, without so much as "if you please" or "by your leave" taps him on the shoulder, thrusts a hand in his face and gruffly growls "ticket! ticket!! you!!!" the injured Thespian looks up, adjusts his monocle, and in a very earnest, pleading tone replies, "I know, my deah Mr. Conductor, that in foah short yeahs you may become President of these United States, but please don't be unkind to *me*."



"AMERICA"

Nor is rudeness unknown in courteous old England. Let the well-dressed man risk himself in Battersea Park or on the Heath on one of those Bank Holidays, and he will find that London's merry-making multitudes have little real respect for anything or anybody unless it be the bobby.

Another popular resort for London's multitudes is at Sydenham, eight miles from London, where the famous Crystal Palace



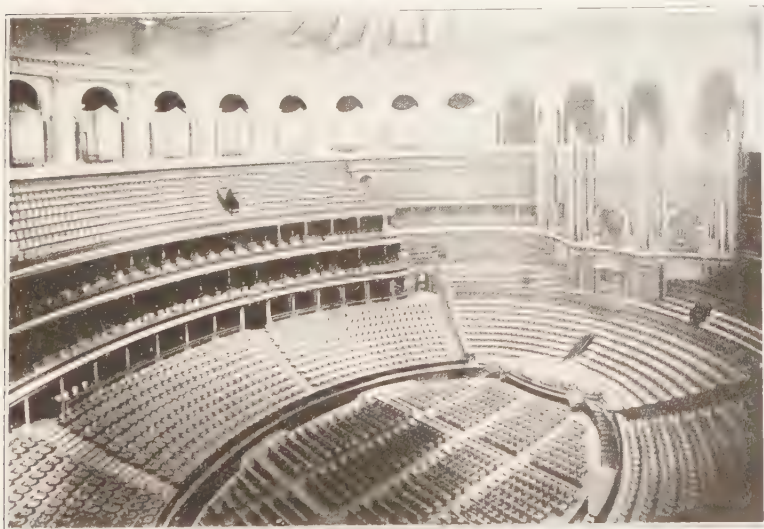
THE ALBERT HALL

looms grandly, like a colossal bubble curiously shaped. The great glass house is more than sixteen hundred feet in length, and its nave one hundred and seventy-five feet high. The glass and iron that enter into its construction were first used in the building of the first great Industrial Exposition held in Hyde Park in 1851. This Crystal Palace commemorates the opening of the epoch of those colossal industrial shows that we now call World's Fairs.

Crystal Palace is in a sense a permanent World's Fair, offering us in its beautiful Courts of Art and History splendid retrospective glimpses back along the past of many civilizations, and offer-

ing, at the same time, in its galleries and concert halls much that is new and beautiful in art and music, while in its gardens and arenas we may witness from time to time thrilling spectacles of strong appeal to all sorts and conditions of men — foot-ball battles fought in view of cheering multitudes; ballets danced on lawns under the light of the summer moon by sweet children clad in classic garb; glorious pyrotechnic miracles that blaze against the blackness of the night; or assemblages that thrill us as we were thrilled one day at sight of sixty thousand Salvation Army soldiers, from nearly every nation of the civilized world, passing in review before their grand old chief, great General William Booth, who, with his “beak like a scimitar of conquest and his beard like a banner of victory,” stood there in all the glory of his seventy-five years of youthful enthusiasm, an inspiring picture, the latest and one of the greatest of the Prophets — a Prophet who himself, by his own efforts, brought many of his noble prophecies to pass.

In Kensington Gardens near the site of that Exposition of 1851, of which the Crystal Palace is the conspicuous memorial, rises that marvelously ornate thing of questionable beauty, the Albert



FOR THIRTEEN THOUSAND AUDITORS

Memorial, erected, as the inscription tells us, by "Queen Victoria and her people to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good."

At the four corners of the terrace stand four sculptured groups, each representing one of the four quarters of the globe.



KENSINGTON PALACE AND STATUE OF
QUEEN VICTORIA BY HER DAUGHTER,
PRINCESS LOUISE



VICTORIA AS A CHILD

Every American will survey with pride the marble allegory of "America." Fronting the monument looms that most imposing of the world's auditoriums, the Royal Albert Hall, a modern Colosseum devoted to the divinest of all earthly arts—the art of

music. It has echoed to all manner of melody from the voice of Patti to the rousing hymns and thundering drums of the Salvation Army. The Hall has seats for an audience of nine thousand, but it is possible, using the spaces for standing spectators, to crowd thirteen thousand persons into the Albert Hall.

Not far from these memorials of the good Prince Albert, who died in 1861, stands the palace that was the girlhood home of Queen Victoria, who will always be thought of as "Victoria the Good." She was born in Kensington Palace in the year 1819, on the 24th of May. In the same palace she learned of the death of her uncle, King William IV, in 1837, and hither came those who



QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER IMPERIAL AND ROYAL RELATIVES IN 1897



ALEXANDRA

by George III. George IV gave it its present form in 1825, but never lodged within its somber walls. In style it might be described as "respectable," an eminently sober, dignified, and unappealing piece of architecture — a fit abode for personages of the highest principles and direst lack of esthetic sensibilities. Well might the English Queen remark to the Duchess of

were charged to announce to her, a girl of eighteen, that she was to be crowned as England's Queen and Empress of Great Britain.

The story of her reign of over threescore years is the story of the Golden Age of England.

It was Victoria the Good who first made Buckingham Palace the official Royal Residence in London. Before her time it had been occupied only occasionally



*Royal Portraits by
W. and D. Downey, London.*

EDWARD VII



QUEEN MARY AND KING GEORGE V

Sutherland, her hostess, at Stafford House, the finest private house in London, "I have come, Duchess, from my *house* to your palace!"

In plain English, Buckingham Palace is an ugly building, lacking even the medieval quaintness that redeems the dingier ugliness of the little old-time Palace of St. James, where Victoria's royal predecessors



THREE GENERATIONS

had held their Court ever since the days of Good King Hal, who reared its "dumpy" walls of brick and its "dinky" crenelated towers nearly four hundred years ago.

The American, thrilled by accounts of the splendors of the "Court of St. James's," cannot believe his eyes or ears when he first beholds that insignificant, rambling pile of dirt-colored brick



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

and is told that it was the home of royalty for many generations. It stands where a leper hospital founded in 1190 had reared its even uglier walls for three and a half centuries, and something of the repellant horror of that vanished pile seems to still cling to the old site despite the glamour given it by centuries of royal pomp and dignity.

Formerly the great royal functions — the "Drawing Rooms" and the "Levés" — were held at St. James's. Now Buckingham Palace is the scene of the gorgeous "Drawing Room" ceremonies where ladies are presented to the sovereigns; but the "Levés," at which only gentlemen are presented, are still held in the older

palace, waking into life, from time to time that grim little royal residence which still gives its name to the Court of England's King. Foreign powers still accredit their Ambassadors and Ministers to "The Court of St. James's."

But the traveler sees not the inner richness of these royal palaces; the mere "man in the street" must be content with glimpses of the royal carriages as they come and go, and with the brief daily spectacles presented at the moment of the changing of the guard. Every day, or nearly every day, we may see a company of the Scots Guards—or the Coldstream or the Grenadiers,—preceded by a splendid band, come swinging into the old Friary Court to perform the snappy, almost automatic ceremony of relieving guard.

Another pretty little military show may be witnessed every morning just across St. James's Park in the Court of the Horse



IN STAFFORD HOUSE. THE TOWN HOUSE OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

Guards which fronts upon Whitehall. There waits a troop of the King's Life Guard. Just on the stroke of eleven a bugle sounds, and through the archway sweeps another little troop of the finest looking soldiers in the world. The secret of effective uniform belongs to Britain's army; even the long rain-coats worn by the men about to be relieved are as effective in their way as are the polished cuirasses of the plumed knights who have just come upon the scene. As for the men themselves, they are magnificent; each one a perfect specimen of British dignity and brawn. Their horses, too, are model mounts, and in all the world there is no prettier military sight than that presented by a passing troop of his Majesty's Life Guardsmen.

Once every year, on the birthday of Queen Victoria, May 24, a splendid scene is witnessed on the Horse Guards' Parade. It is called "Trooping the Color," and on that occasion the military display is magnificent and satisfying. The space is comparatively small, the massing of the redcoats wonderfully effective — far more so than it would be on a larger field.



THE GUARD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Dominating that crowded Field of Mars, gory with the blood-red uniforms of Britain's defenders, looms the huge building where the wars are made, for it houses the Foreign Office, the Home, the Colonial, and the India Offices. It fronts on Downing Street, that plexus of the nervous system of the Empire. Here, in Down-



THE HORSE GUARDS

ing Street, dwells the Prime Minister, and in these palaces of Downing Street the policy of England is determined. Downing Street is the brain of Britain, and the decisions of Downing Street, acted upon by Britain's fleets and armies, become the deeds that are in time writ large upon the page of history.

Many new Government buildings have risen in and near Whitehall; among them the new Admiralty, the new War Office, the new Government Office, new Scotland Yard; yet all these modern piles possess that British faculty of looking old and thoroughly "in the picture," harmonizing with — or at

least not marring — the mellow, age-worn aspect of this marvelous old city which is modernizing itself without making itself *new*.

Therein lies the charm of London — in this happy harmonizing of the old and the new. But London's charm is slow in taking hold upon the stranger. It is more subtle than the charm of other cities. Paris, for example, makes instantaneous appeal to the affections of the "Man from Other-



RELIEVING GUARD

where."

comer instantly

in Paris, loves Paris at first sight. To see Paris is to love Paris: but to love London one must know London.

The new-

feels at home

Though to the newcomer a city seemingly inhospitable, London becomes in time, to a greater or less degree, according to the worthiness and merit of its guest, a place of such delightful and interesting experiences that a sojourn there must ever remain a gracious and ennobling memory. There is no other city in the world that offers so much old-time charm, combined with so much that is best in modern life — old London, dreaming calmly, undisturbed by modern London's roar — new London, with its pulsing enterprise, guided, controlled and made delightfully livable by the spirit of the old.

It would be a wonderful experience to explore London under the guidance of one who knows the ins and outs of London life, the queer old nooks and corners, the novel little sights that the casual sight-seer never sees. Such a guide would show you where the first cup of coffee ever made in London was brewed, tasted and consumed. That was in 1657, when a barber by the name of Farr, whose shop was in Fleet Street, got himself in trouble with his neighbors by concocting a strange new hot beverage from a bean imported from the Orient; in fact he was sued by the parish for "making and selling a drink called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbors by evil smells." That was more than two hundred and fifty years ago. I cannot answer for the smells to-day, but I do know that London coffee still annoyeth by its evil taste.

Another sight our knowing guide would surely show us would be the ancient vestige of a Roman bath, in a little street just off the Strand. How many of us even suspect that there is a Roman bath in London? There are unsuspected sights to be seen at every turn in this wonderful old city which was once upon a time



LIFE GUARDSMEN

a Roman camp. How many of us have ever made our way through the damp darkness of the Adelphi Arches from the roaring Strand down to the broad, beautiful embankment? Yet every time we go along the Strand from the Savoy or the Cecil to Trafalgar Square we pass the entrance to that tunnel-like thoroughfare,



"TROOPING THE COLOR"



"TOMMIES"

which is even to-day grimly suggestive of the dark deeds that made it notorious in the old days when the favorite rendezvous of thugs and criminals was in those vaulted passageways that lie beneath the Adelphi Terrace.

Then there is a new subterranean London, the labyrinthine under-London of the tubes and of the modernized electrified old Underground Railway, the tunnels of which have been clarified of the smoke and gases that for so many years threatened every passenger with asphyxiation. American example and enterprise have transformed the old underground transportation system, and



THE FOREIGN OFFICE

endowed London with many miles of new transportation tubes, through which Londoners are shot in electric trains that move with satisfying celerity, though not with the amazing speed and long runs of the expresses in the subway of New York. There are practically no surface lines of electric cars in the heart of London. Suburban trolley lines have their city termini on the edge of the congested inner districts; here the old horse-bus, though threatened by the motor-bus, is still supreme. There may be "no buses running from the Bank to Mandalay," but there are buses from the bank to every part of London — and again I urge the stranger within the gates to stick to the top seats of the old bus as the best point of view from which to study London town. The taxicab of

course has come to stay; the once popular and always leisurely hansom cab is doomed, and it's a hard blow to that large class of worthy men, the hansom drivers, who have for years served London faithfully. Most of them are too old, with too much *horse* sense, ever to learn how to drive a gasoline car. The average Londoner is not adaptable — "once a cabby, always a cabby,"



DOWNING STREET

applies just as truly as "once a gentleman, always a gentleman." But the gentleman now hails a taxi and the cabby is left with his antiquated two-wheeled relic of the motor-less age, standing idle on the "rank." Although London increases in area from year to year, it does not seem one half as big as it did in the old slow-going days; the automobile seems to cause a town to shrink and to become compact; it brings the distant parts near to one another and alters the atmosphere of each by robbing it of its remoteness.

One of the latest additions to London's list of noble buildings is the new Catholic Cathedral which lifts its tower — called St. Edward's Tower — nearly sixty feet higher than the twin towers of Westminster Abbey, which may be seen as we look eastward

from its top. In style, the new Cathedral is early Christian Byzantine, rich in effect and yet not costly, for the material is plain red brick and simple stone. The interior, however, when completed,

will be rich and gorgeous beyond anything outside of Italy. The nave, higher and wider than any nave in England, will blaze with beautiful mosaics, the chapels will be gems of the mosaic makers' art, rivaling those of Ravenna, Venice, and Palermo. The Catholic Cathedral of Westminster will take its place as one of the foremost sights in this the foremost city of all Christendom.



THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF LONDON

It is fitting that the tower of the newest great house of Christian worship in London should bear the name of "Edward,"—Saint Edward the Confessor,—the Catholic Saxon King who built the greatest and most famous of the churches of old London, Westminster Abbey. The Abbey site has been a holy one since the year 616, when an earlier Saxon monarch, King Sebert,



TOWARD WESTMINSTER FROM ST. EDWARD'S TOWER

erected there a little church in honor of Saint Peter. Even today, the Abbey is officially known as "the Collegiate Church of Saint Peter." Its more familiar name, Westminster Abbey, it owes to the old Benedictine Monastery, or Minster, called Westminster to distinguish it from the now vanished Cistercian Abbey, called Eastminster, which stood near the Tower of London, on the site now covered by the buildings of the Royal Mint. To the left of the Abbey, as we face it, stands the little church of Saint Margaret, containing the tomb of Walter Raleigh, who was executed just behind the church in 1618, and the tomb of William Caxton, the pioneer of printers, who worked his famous

printing-press in an old almonry that stood where now we see the Westminster Column, a monument to the heroes of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. The west front of the Abbey is not beautiful; the graceless towers added by Sir Christopher Wren, early in the eighteenth century, spoiled the beauty of the Early English edifice; but the interior of the nave has not been marred, and it is now as overwhelmingly impressive, in these modern days of George V, as it was in the medieval days of Edward I, under whom the building assumed the magnificent proportions and satisfying beauty that make it still the grandest temple in the world's metropolis. Fortunately, we may enjoy the glorious vista of the nave without having our eyes offended by the awful so-called "works of art"—the monu-



THE TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER

ments — that have filled the side aisles and transepts of the Abbey as with a fearful sculptural nightmare.

Those marble monuments that England has reared in honor of her great dead there in Westminster Abbey are painful testimonies of the bad taste of the generation which stood sponsor



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

for them. It is a pity that there could not have been a censorship of monuments as well as a censorship of plays. Plays, if bad, will perish of their own demerits; but marble monuments, however atrocious, endure for generations.

But the names of the great men of whom those marble eyesores are the memorials will be remembered as long as history endures. Even to give a list of those great names would fill too many pages. Heroes and poets, statesmen and soldiers, — men who “filled history with their deeds and earth with their renown,”



THE CHOIR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

lie here beneath the marble pavements of the Abbey; and on the tablets, columns, or mortuary monuments that mark their resting-places we read such famous names as Gladstone, Darwin, Newton, Herschel, Pitt, and Kingsley; such beloved names as Garrick, Thackeray, Dickens, Spenser, Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Sir Henry Irving; and although not interred in the Abbey, Shakespeare, the poet of all ages and of all men, and



THE NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

our own Longfellow have their places marked there in the Poets' Corner, where, as Addison says, there are "many poets who have no monuments and many monuments which have no poets."

But there in the Abbey sleep not only those who achieved greatness, but also those who were born great or had greatness thrust upon them. The Abbey is the sepulchre not only of those who reigned by right of the royal gifts of mind and intellect and



IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



KING HENRY S CHAPEL

genius, but also of dead Royalty, of those who were doomed to a certain sort of greatness from their birth. For most of them greatness meant either great misery or great misfortune. The chapel of Edward the Confessor is literally "paved with princes."

The lesser chapels that surround it are peopled by a host of noble folk whose titles recall page after page of England's history;



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

and in the greater chapel — Henry VII's Chapel — that is a distinct and separate structure, and yet forms a part of the great church itself, lies a company of royal dead whose names evoke visions of the great glories and the greater tragedies that have marked the historic turning-points in the life-story of the English-speaking race.

Henry VII, who died about four hundred years ago, was an artist and a builder of consummate taste. He sleeps to-day beside his Queen, beneath the most marvelous stone roof ever devised by man. It has indeed "the airy security of a cobweb"; there indeed we see stone "robbed of its weight and density" by the patient chisel of the artist. Beneath that same exquisite canopy

sleeps a silent royal company, united in death, though in life no bonds, save bonds of hate or bonds of interest, existed between Queen and Queen, or King and Prince, or Monarch and Protector. Here lie Mary, Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth. Here lie the little Princes who were smothered in the Tower by order of their uncle, Richard III. Here lie William and Mary, Queen Anne, George II, the last King buried in the Abbey, and the sixth King Edward, who sat on England's throne from 1547 until 1553 as the successor of Henry VIII, and who was like him a champion of the Reformed faith. Here lies, also, King Charles II, and here was buried for a time the mighty Lord Protector of the Commonwealth; but Oliver Cromwell's bones were dragged forth after the Restoration and cast into a pit at Tyburn, and his head, the head that ruled England well, the head that had been deemed by the nation wiser and better than many of the heads that had worn the English crown,—that head of Oliver Cromwell was fixed loosely on a spike and suspended on one of the pinnacles of old Westminster Hall not fifty yards distant from this chapel of King Henry, where for a time Oliver Crom-



OLIVER CROMWELL

well's body lay in company with the dead monarchs of his land. For over thirty years that skull of Oliver Cromwell, rattling on its spike, was exposed to the gibes and execration of his enemies, until at last a kindly, blustering wind blew down that skull; a sentry picked it up, sold it, and so it came, in time, into the possession of the descendants of England's uncrowned king.

To-day a statue of the Lord Protector stands near the spot where men once gathered to gaze up at the head of Cromwell



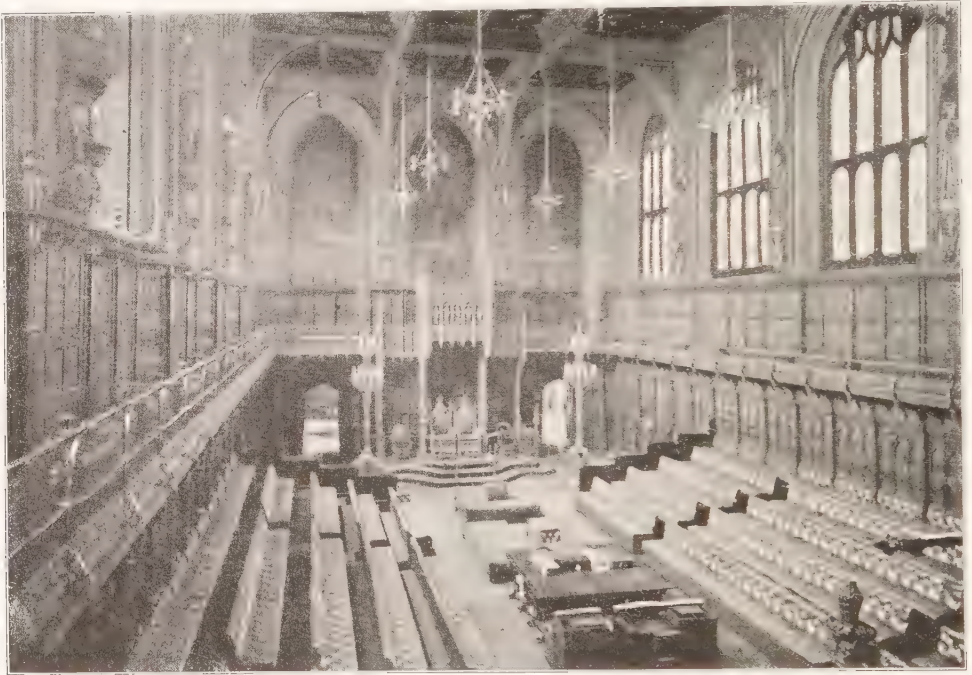
THE NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

as it hung there on the turret, an eloquent reminder of the fickleness of fate,—doubly fickle when we recall the fact that it was in Westminster Hall that Charles I, Cromwell's predecessor, was condemned to death, and in it Cromwell himself was invested with the sovereign power. Westminster Hall is the oldest portion of the vast group of buildings called the Houses of Parliament. The Hall itself dates back nearly a thousand years, while the greater part of the huge adjacent pile, officially known as the New Palace of Westminster, is modern.

In fact it dates from 1841 and replaces a building burned in 1834. The architect was Sir Charles Barry, whose design was

chosen as the most beautiful and practical among the ninety-seven designs submitted in the competition.

The area covered by the structure is no less than eight acres; there are eleven courts; there are one hundred stairways; there are eleven hundred rooms! The material, unwisely chosen, is a stone called Dolomite. Nature herself has given the world a

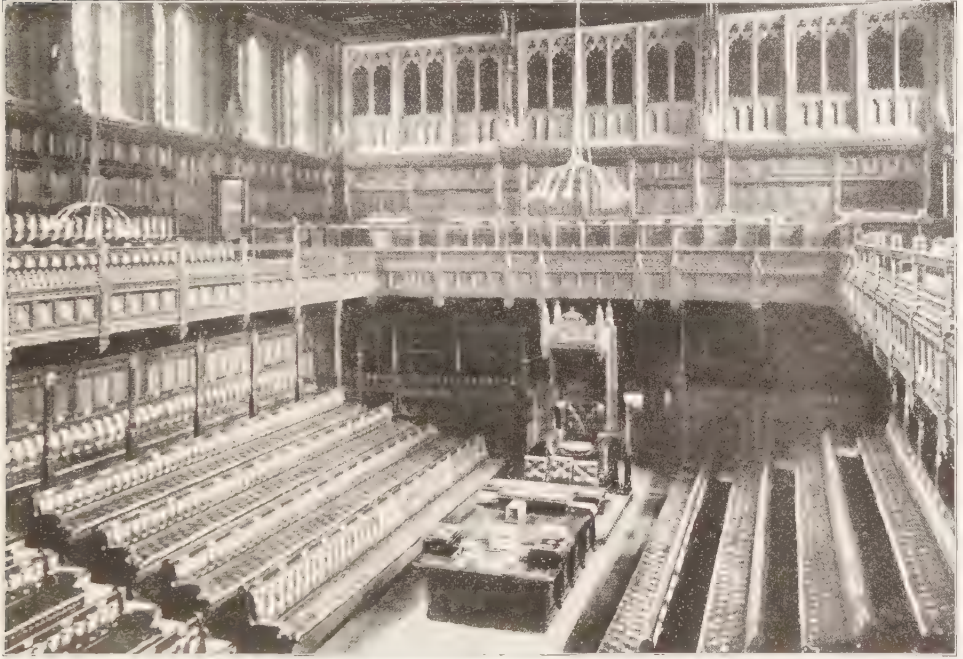


THE HOUSE OF PEERS

conspicuous object lesson, proving that Dolomite is not an enduring stone: the picturesqueness of those famous mountains in Austria — the Dolomites — is due to its susceptibility to weathering. Just as the Dolomite peaks and pinnacles are crumbling and weathering away under the influence of the winds and rains, the heat and frost of the Tyrol, so the graceful pinnacles, turrets and towers of this range of architectural Dolomites, in London, are suffering and losing their perfection of outline and detail under the influence of the winds and rains, the heat and frost of the

harsher British climate. As yet no really appreciable damage has been done, but a beginning has been made: a century hence England will have striking proof that a less friable material should have been chosen for the palace of her Parliament.

The two great towers of the Houses of Parliament are among the most graceful towers of the world. Perfect in its feminine



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

grace and dignity is St. Stephen's Tower, whence comes the frequent booming of "Big Ben," the best-loved bell of London; perfect in its masculine grace and majesty is Victoria Tower, rising above the royal portal through which the Sovereign enters when he comes to open or to prorogue Parliament.

To indicate that Parliament is sitting, a Union flag flies from Victoria Tower by day or a light gleams from St. Stephen's Tower by night, and oftentimes the light gleams steadily the whole night through. All night and all day, every quarter hour — the

thirteen-ton bell in that clock tower tells the time to listening London, and London listens gladly to "Big Ben" whose gentle boom can penetrate the thickest fog, reach waking ears on the far outskirts of the town and yet not trouble those who sleep even within the shadow of the tower.

Big Ben is called big because it is big, and Ben because the First Commissioner of Works, under whose direction the big bell was hung, was Sir Benjamin Hall, whose memory is kept resonant by the booming bell that bears his name. How much more effective, as a memorial, is bronze in the form of a living, speaking bell, than bronze in the more artistic, but voiceless form of a statue or a tablet. The bell reaches the ears of millions every hour; the monument catches the eye of only a few score in a day. Great men should pray that bronze bells instead of bronze effigies should be cast to commemorate their lives and deeds.

The British Parliament has been called the "Mother of Parliaments." It sat as one house until the reign of Edward III when the Knights and Burgesses began to sit apart from the



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Peers. This was the beginning of the House of Commons, which has since then exercised and guarded very jealously the taxing function. Originally the right to sit in the older House came not through noble birth but through land tenure: the Parliament was simply a council of Feudatories. It now con-



THE PEOPLE'S FORUM IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

sists of about six hundred members including twenty-eight Dukes, — owners of vast estates — thirty-six Marquises and two hundred and eleven Earls. The oldest Dukedom is that of Norfolk, established in 1483, the newest, that of Fife, dating only from 1880. The earliest



Marquisate is that of Winchester, the newest, that of Linlithgow. The Earl of Shrewsbury's title goes back to 1442, the Earldom of Liverpool is as modern as the "Lusitania," dating from 1905.

These Peers sit in the grandiose chamber of the House of Lords to discuss, year after year, the weighty questions that concern the nation's welfare, superbly unmindful of any expressions of the nation's will. The world waited patiently from year to year for what was to have been the crowning culmination of the labors of the Peers, the answer to the burning question, "May a man legally marry his deceased wife's sister?"

This question has at last been answered in the affirmative, but only after generations of debate and serio-comic bitterness. And now the Peers have flung the gauntlet down, refusing to recognize the to them appalling fact that the Feudal Age has passed away; that the world has kept on moving even since their predecessors, the great nobles of seven hundred years ago, forced King John to sign the Magna Charta at Runnymede in the year 1215. Each Peer now finds himself in King John's ancient shoes, or, to



A GLIMPSE OF ST. STEPHEN'S TOWER

be accurate, in the sandals of that thirteenth century King, who in the face of the armed protests of his Lords and Barons, yielded, just as the Peers themselves, in the face of the protests of the People, must in the end yield also. It should be now King and People arrayed against Ancient Privilege. The Sovereigns of England's mighty Empire must stand, if they would stand at all, with the People, for they are no



longer
crats, the law-
the Kings of old.

THE TOWERS AND TURRETS OF THE
LORDS AND COMMONS

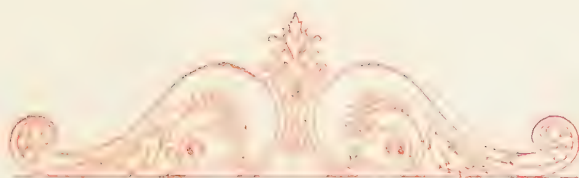
the auto-
givers, as were
The Sovereigns

of England rule by the grace of Tradition and through the love and respect of their loyal subjects, — subjects as free, as independent, as the citizens of any Republic in the world to-day. The House of Peers may dally with dead issues, may delay the triumph of democratic principles; the Sovereigns may wear their crowns, lay corner-stones, bestow decorations, and play the leading parts in social life and do devotedly their endless tasks of public charity, — all this is well and nobly done by England's King and Queen, but the real Sovereignty of England, as of the United States, rests with the People; and it is in the House of

Commons, not in the House of Peers, that we hear the voice of the Nation — giving commands that Kings and Peers and Commons must obey: there a free people speaks its will through its representatives in Parliament assembled; there the most gifted sons of a great race are laboring conscientiously for the wise conserving of the Old that is good, and for the diligent upbuilding of the New that must be better if the greatest Empire that the world has ever known is to hold its preëminence among the nations of the future.







"LA CITÉ," THE ISLAND CRADLE OF OLD PARIS

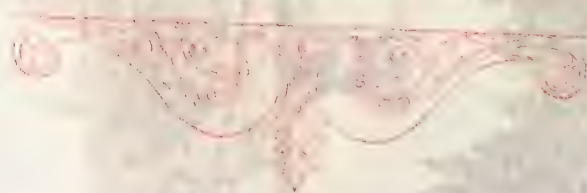
Paris was born upon an island. That island is called *L'Isle de la Cité*—"The Island of the City." Upon it stand many of the famous piles of Paris. The square Towers of Notre Dame and the slender tapering gilded spire of the *Sainte Chapelle* rise high above the modern buildings that crowd between the quais. The new Palace of Justice bulks large beside the turreted mass of the old Conciergerie. The double *Pont Neuf*—the New Bridge—oldest of all Paris bridges, links the old *Cité* to the Latin Quarter and the newer Paris on the northern bank. The little garden of Henry IV fills with verdure the prow of this ship-shaped island in the River Seine.



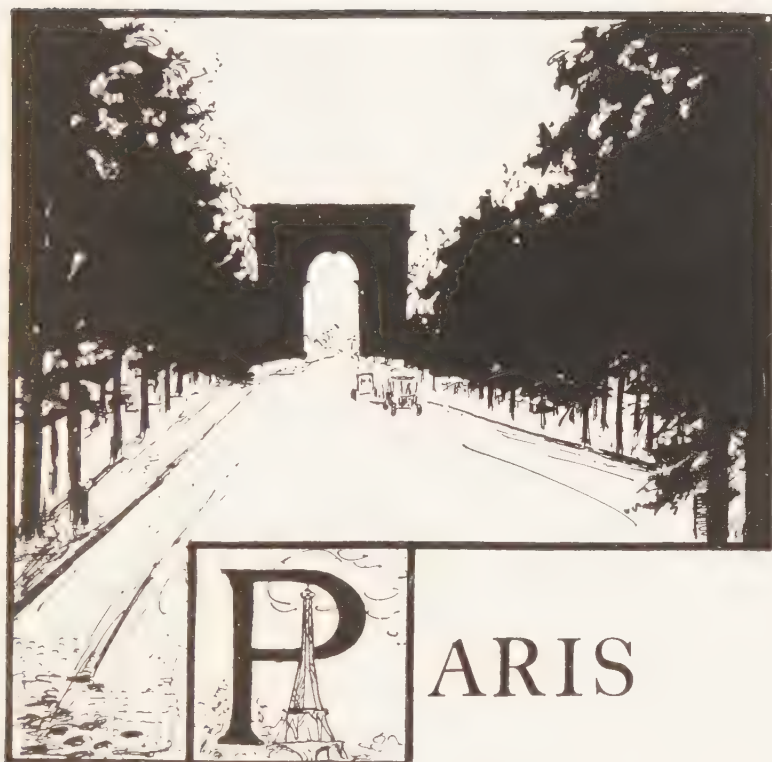


THE LIFE OF
MR. JAMES

James was born upon a small island in the North Sea, called Lundy, in the County of Devon, in the year 1700. His father was a poor fisherman, and his mother a poor woman. He was educated at the school of his native place, and then at the university of Oxford. He was a very pious and diligent student, and was distinguished by his talents and industry. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and was very active in promoting the cause of peace and non-resistance. He was a very good man, and was much beloved by his friends and acquaintances. He died in the year 1750, at the age of 50.



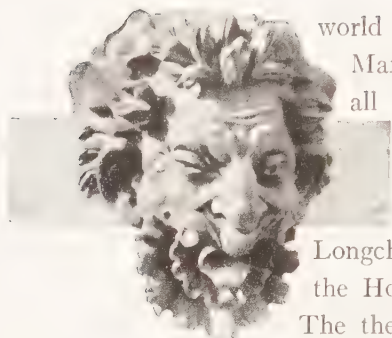
PARIS



THERE is no place in all the world like Paris. No city charms and fascinates us like the city by the Seine. None of the world's great capitals is so truly the capital of the great world.

Whoever you may be, whatever things attract you, you will be at home in Paris; you will find there the very thing you seek — Paris is all things to all men.

The artist finds a Paris that is one great studio, from Montmartre all the way to Montparnasse. The student finds a Paris that is one vast university, from the Sorbonne to the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève. The pleasure-seeker finds a Paris that is one wide



world of pleasure, from the Moulin Rouge to Maxim's. The Bohemian finds a Paris that is all Bohemia, from the Quartier Latin to the Outer Boulevards. The votary of fashion finds a Paris that is an exquisite exhibition of finery from the Rue de la Paix to Longchamps, and a broad "peacock alley" from the Hotel Ritz to Paillard's in the Pré Catelan. The theater-goer finds a Paris that is all a stage, and on that stage he finds the world's most noted stages.

The lover of the horse finds a Paris rich in the finest race-tracks in the world, from Auteuil to Maisons-Laffitte. The motorist finds a Paris that is the native city of the motor-car and the home of the automobile industry. The sight-seer finds a Paris that is a world of sights from the grim Cabaret du Néant to the marble halls of the Louvre where the Venus de Milo is enshrined. The scholar finds a Paris that is a volume of French History



THE GARE DE LYON

written in sculptured stone. The thinker finds a Paris that is the brain of Europe. In a word, Paris is everything to everybody; but above all, Paris is Paris, and whichever side of Paris pleases you, I hope that you may find a little of your Paris in this Travelogue.



AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA

The traveler finds the heart and center of his Paris at the Place de l'Opéra — where the full life-tide of the Grand Boulevards rolls past the grandest temple of music in the world. There are a hundred good hotels within a few squares of this famous focal point of Parisian existence. I shall not advise you in the choice of your hotel; so much depends upon what you mean to do, and the means you have for doing it; but I must urgently recommend that you pass your first leisure hour in Paris

at the corner table of the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix; the *terrasse* means that part of the sidewalk leased by the café from the municipality and covered by the closely set chairs and tables of the establishment. This corner is regarded by Boulevardiers as the very center of the world. It is a fact known and proved, that if you want to find a friend in Paris you have only to sit here at this corner long enough; he is sure to pass in time. No stranger can sit here for an hour without seeing some one whom he knows or used to know. Once, however, as I took my place here after an absence of some months, I was a trifle disappointed not to see at first glance some well-known face, but as I looked at the familiar news kiosk on the curb, at which I have always bought my "Figaro" to read while sipping the delicious chocolate and



CAFÉ DE LA PAIX



A NEWS KIOSK

eating the good *brioche* which always make up my "little breakfast" when in Paris, there, displayed among the periodicals was the inevitable well-known face — there in the upper left-hand corner — the face of our American tenor George Hamlin, on the front page of the latest issue of the "Musical Courier."

The next time that I came to the Café de la Paix, two young Americans, just arrived for the first time in Paris, greet me sadly — because my appearance makes them lose a bet. They have wagered with a more experienced traveler that they could sit at the café for an hour without meeting an acquaintance, and that is why they are not glad to see me.

Another time — an incident even more striking — just arrived from Ceylon, via Suez and Marseilles, I sit me down to enjoy my afternoon *apéritif* at my accustomed tiny table on that well-trodden sidewalk; two ladies and a gentleman, Americans, simultaneously take the table next to mine. The three look at me and then at one another — smile in amazement, and one of them exclaims, "Well, Mr.



"CAOUTCHOUC"

Holmes, this is *too* good. The first thing we do in Paris is to come here just to test the truth of what you said in your lecture about being sure to meet some one you know at the Café de la Paix, and whom do we see but *you!*" . A better name for this establishment would not be hard to invent, for it is anything but



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a "Café of Peace." It should be called the *Cabaret de Caoutchouc*, and *caoutchouc* is the French word that stands for "rubber." At this corner everything and everybody stands for "rubber" and "to rubber"; it is the most elastic corner in all Paris. The neck of the true Parisian never loses its elasticity, his eye its elasticity of gaze. In Paris it is not considered rude to stare. On the contrary, what would be the use of all the pretty hats and gowns and high-heeled shoes and dainty hosiery if men were not gallant enough to pay attention to the exquisite display? So while in Paris

let us do as the Parisians do, and standing, or sitting, if you please, at the Café de la Paix, let us also "rubber" to our heart's content at the marvelous array of interesting humanity that surges past.

The Grand Opera House of Paris is styled officially the National Academy of Music. It is the largest theater building



in the world, although its auditorium seats only about two thousand persons, six hundred less than Carnegie Hall in New York, and less than half as many as the Chicago Auditorium. It cost nearly ten million dollars. It has been in almost constant use since 1874, summer as well as winter, enjoying always generous patronage, no matter what operas or artists are announced. It receives a subsidy of six hundred thousand francs a year, and being a national enterprise, all operas must be sung in the French language. We managed to go on behind the scenes one night,

during a presentation of Gounod's ever-fascinating Faust; not knowing any one high in authority we arranged with some scene shifters to smuggle us in through the stage door. They did it; but we had to



go as scene shifters, wearing the soiled uniforms of absent stage hands, blue overalls and blouses and Frenchy little caps. And



there we were, an awkward squad of useless imitation toilers, getting in everybody's way. It was great fun in spite of the fact that, being dressed like workmen, we failed to attract the glances of the ladies

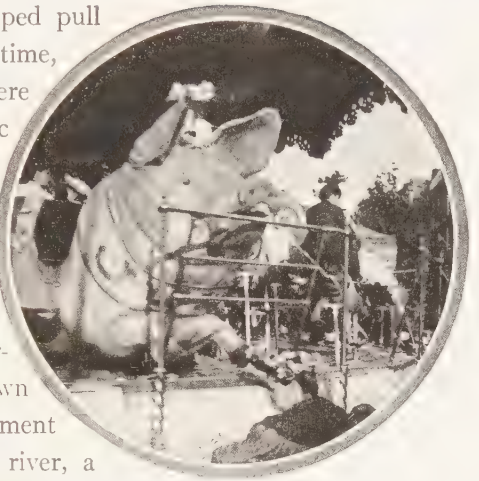


GARNIER, ARCHITECT OF THE OPERA



A STAIRWAY OF THE OPERA

of the ballet. After we had helped pull ropes and shift scenes we had time, while Faust and Marguerite were singing the sweetest love music ever written, to climb aloft into the flies up through eight tiers of galleries where ropes and drops and backgrounds hang — and to go down into the cavernous cellars, four stories underground, and there we looked down through the trap-door in the pavement and saw the black waters of a river, a subterranean river that loses itself in the



PARISIAN PORKERS



THE "RED MILL" IN THE WHITE PLACE

soil underneath this part of Paris. Sometimes that river rises and floods out the cellars, in spite of all the pumps that are kept always ready for a like emergency. That stream comes down from Montmartre, the hill now crowned by the new Basilica of the Sacred Heart. All this part of town was once a swamp. This fact is recalled by the name of one of the neighboring streets, the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, so called because the causeway or *chaussée* over the swamp at this point was paved at the expense of the



MAIDENS OF MONT-
MARTRE

Marquis of Antin about two hundred years ago.

We know, of course, that the Boulevards of modern Paris take their name from the Bulwarks of the medieval city. Those old fortifications were leveled in the reign of Louis XIV: broad avenues were laid out where the walls had stood and on the site of one of the many old-time gates, called the Porte St. Denis, a tri-



BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART

umphal arch was erected in 1673 in honor of the victories of the Grand Monarque in Holland and in Germany. Through the old Porte St. Denis the French Kings used to make their entries into Paris after coronation and their exits from the city after death, when they were carried in solemn state to the suburban Abbey of St. Denis, mausoleum of the Kings of France for the last thirteen



THE BOURSE

hundred years. But it would take us too long to pick up and unravel all of those threads of history and romance that form dense tangles at every crossing of the old Paris streets; so, breaking through a thousand strands of interest we find ourselves at the eastern end of the Grand Boulevards in the Place de la Bastille. This square is clogged with historical associations; but all the strands of the glorious tangle lead to the central fact that here the people of Paris captured and tore down that famous prison that was the symbol of monarchical misrule.

Here the French Revolution was born on July 14, 1789. The column, called the July Column, commemorates the Revolu-

tion of 1830, which in those three famous July days overthrew the Bourbon king, Charles X and paved the way for the accession of Louis Philippe. And he in turn was overthrown in 1848, when this same square was bathed again in blood, and Louis Philippe's throne was burned here on the same spot where sleep the victims of the July Revolution that had set him on that throne. Then came the awful days of 1871 when the insurgents of the Commune made their last stand behind the barricades here in the Place de la Bastille. Of the Bastille itself nothing remains; but the place where it stood is outlined by easily traced lines of paving-stones — perhaps the very paving-stones that were



PLACE DE LA
BASTILLE



PORTE ST. DENIS

thrown up to form the barricades of 1871. The Bastille was originally one of the fortified city gates of Paris. It was left intact when the walls were demolished and became famous, or infamous, as the prison to which political offenders were committed and to which any favorite of the King could send his innocent enemies, provided he had secured one of those blank warrants, called *lettres-de-cachet*, which were often given freely as rewards to those who had served royalty or pandered to its vices.

Thus the Bastille became in popular estimation the symbol of that despotism under which the French people had been reduced almost to starvation. Therefore the first cry of the revolutionary mob, aroused at last by the belief that the populous quarters near the ancient fortress-gate were to be bombarded by its cannon, was "Down with the Bastille!"—and that shout, like the shout that rose around the walls of Jericho, did result in bringing down those walls. The Bastille was taken in a day, and within a few days demolished. Its stones now form the arches of the Pont de la Concorde, the bridge that leads from the Place de la Concorde to the Chamber of Deputies.

It is affirmed that the Bastille was in fact merely a scape-goat for the fury of the populace; that it was the prison rather of the enemies of the people, where the lawless nobles were punished for their crimes. When it was taken the mob found no patriot



THE PAVING STONES THAT TELL WHERE THE BASTILLE
STOOD

martyrs there: only seven prisoners were discovered in its supposedly crowded dungeons, and of them four were forgers — common criminals awaiting trial. Even Marat, who cannot be accused of favoring the royal cause, declared that the people had no right to hold the Bastille in abhorrence — but it had

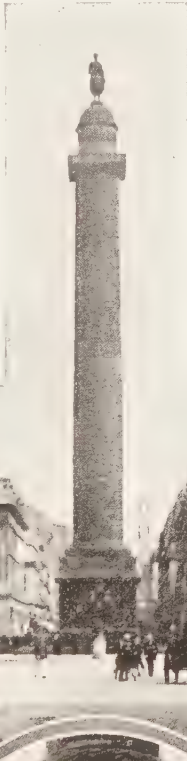


WAXEN BEAUTIES

become the symbol of what the people rightly did abhor, and of it they left not one stone upon another.

Fashion has never favored this part of Paris. We are near the populous quarters — St. Antoine, still turbulent with that spirit that gives life to insurrections and to revolutions — and Père Lachaise, with its ever-increasing, never-decreasing population of Parisian dead. Fashion makes its headquarters in another famous square where stands another famous monument of metal — the bronze column that commemorates the victories of Napoleon over the Austrians and Russians — especially the victory of Austerlitz. The Vendôme Column, cast from captured cannon,

was set up in 1806. It is a metal paraphrase of the Trajan Column which lifts its marble shaft, adorned with its spiral band of sculptured war-scenes in a forum of old Rome. And like Trajan's monument, the Vendôme Column has known more than one tenant on its top. St. Peter's effigy has supplanted that of Trajan there in Rome. Here in Paris, Napoleon's form was not only removed—but cast. The Napoleonic in the form of Henry astride his charger and antiquated "traffic late the flow of traffic Bridge," the old "Pont Restoration a huge flaunted itself like the bronze candle in the



melted down and re-metal is seen to-day of Navarre, who sits like a member of some squad" tries to regu-over the old "New Neuf." Under the Bourbon fleur-de-lis flame of that enormous Place Vendôme — and



like a candle blown out by the July Revolution. Under Louis the "Citizen but unimpressed in modern dress



flame, it was the breath of revolution. Under Philippe, King," a new Napoleonic perched for a

THE VENDÔME COLUMN



time there on the historic pinnacle, but finally — under Napoleon III — ceded its place to the nobler image of Bonaparte in classic garb that now looks down upon the fashionable hotels of this exclusive square. But even this latest tenant of the top has had its sensa-

tional vicissitudes. The entire column was pulled down by the Communists in 1871, and for a time lay like a colossal sewer-pipe, blocking one side of the spacious square of which it is to-day the glory and the ornament. The street that leads from the Place Vendôme to the Opéra is the cele-



THE SHOPPERS AND THE SHOW-GIRLS

brated Rue de la Paix, the street dear to the heart of the American woman and dearer to the purse of her indulgent husband. It's lots of fun to go out shopping with Americans in Paris, especially when with some one who really means to order several gowns. The fashionable dressmaking establishments make it pleasant for the men who trapse along; the women of course find pleasure in looking at the frocks; the men find even more in looking at the pretty living models or *mannequins* upon whose shapely forms the new frocks are displayed. These stately show-girls sweep into the apartment with the air of uncrowned Empresses, oblivious to the humble would-be purchasers of the finery which usually becomes the poor but pretty *mannequin* much better than it does the purse-proud customer. Mere man, of course, will be inclined to pity the poor girls — condemned to strut all day in costly finery that becomes them so well, yet never can become their own. But apparently no pangs of



JEANNE D'ARC

jealousy are felt, even by the less lovely demoiselle who takes my lady's measure so deftly and, as it seems, so carelessly. We mere men cannot understand how the gowns ever can be made to fit, when the specifications are so quickly taken and set down—but here we realize that we are getting beyond our depth and so we prudently withdraw, and, wandering along the Rue de Rivoli, pause to study the gilded habiliments of Jeanne d'Arc, whose equestrian statue stands in the Place Rivoli, and to wonder how her costume of bright steel was ever made to fit so perfectly. Here again is occasion for a long historical digression, but the noble story of the Maid of Orléans is too fine, too rich in beauty and inspiration, to be crowded in between a visit to the dressmaker and a ramble in the Rue de Rivoli. I hope some day to tell the picture-story of Jeanne d'Arc; no story could be more variously picturesque than the tale that begins in the pious calm of the village of

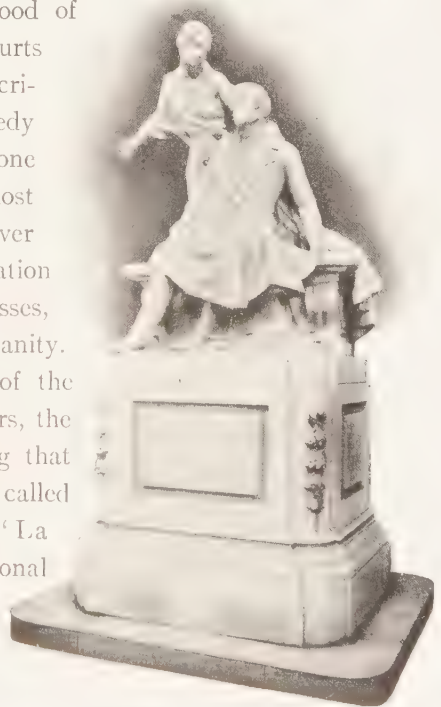


RUE DE RIVOLI



THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

Domrémy and passing through the blood of battlefields and the splendor of royal courts ends at the stake amid the flames of sacrifice. Every point of Paris recalls a tragedy or drama. The history of Paris is one long series of connected plays, the most intensely dramatic that history has ever penned. No wonder that the French nation gives the world great actors, greater actresses, and plays that stir the emotions of humanity. In Paris we find the chief playhouse of the modern world, the oldest of great theaters, the home of the most nearly perfect acting that can be seen in all the world to-day. It is called both "Le Théâtre Français" and "La Comédie Française." It is the National



ALFRED DE MUSSET

Conservatory of Dramatic Art. It has given us such names as Bernhardt, Bartet, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Got, Lambert, and Le Bargy. It is the home of the oldest classics and of the newest problem play — the one played with broad inspiration, the other with inimitable finesse. Night

after night we may enjoy the work

of the best company of players

in the world; one night in the

antique tragedy of "Edipus

the King," the next in the

latest of the year's suc-

cesses, and the next in

some dainty and poetic

trifle from the pen of the

idol of an earlier Parisian

Bohemia, Alfred de Musset,

who died in 1857. A statue

of the tearful poet has been

placed recently at the corner of the

building; on the pedestal we read his

famous lines:

"Rien ne nous rend si grands qu'une grande douleur —

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux —

Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de pures sanglots,"

which I have ventured roughly to translate:

"Nothing can make us greater than a great, great grief —

The sweetest songs are those of hopelessness —

And I know some immortal ones that are pure sobs of deep distress."

But Alfred de Musset had a gay time while he lived, and his sorrows are not those on which a healthy-minded Anglo-Saxon can waste much sympathy.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS

The statue of a man more after our own heart stands in the neighboring garden of the Palais Royal, where we see Camille Desmoulins in the very act of rising to harangue the excited crowd assembled there on July 12, 1789. Two days later the people took and tore down the old Bastille. His words fired the fuse of the French Revolution. In his impassioned speech he bade the



GARDEN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL

people assume a green cockade: the trees of this garden furnished the leaves that formed that badge of hope. Fitting indeed that the revolutionary fire should have spread from this Palais Royal which had been the scene of the scandalous orgies and excesses of the Regent's Court during early years of the reign of Louis XV.

Later the grandson of that Prince of Orleans, Philippe-Egalité, revived there the traditions of his house for costly debauchery, and in order to pay the piper had to increase his income by erecting and renting the buildings that now surround the garden. At one time the shops and cafés of the Palais Royal were the most popular in Paris, but fickle fashion has forsaken them for those



COURT OF HOTEL DE VILLE

of the Rue de la Paix and of the Boulevards. The cheap table d'hôte is now served where not long ago the *gourmets* feasted; and cheap jewelry now sparkles flashily in windows where the finest and rarest gems once gleamed with ray serene.

The garden itself, where a band plays frequently, is

the playground of the children of the neighborhood and the rendezvous of nurse-maids and soldiers and the refuge of long-haired idlers and sad-looking women, who come to dream away sad hours in the garden that was once the haunt of the gayest of the gay. Still gay enough—in fact, too gay for all save the most hardened admirers of the suggestive farces that delight the Paris public—are the plays acted with exquisite *verve* and *diablerie* by the clever players of the Théâtre du Palais Royal, which occupies one corner of the great quadrangle. So marvelously deft is the dramatic touch of the Gallic playwrights and players, and so wonderfully does the language lend itself both to *double entendre* and to a frank utterance of what would be unutterably vulgar in any other tongue, that even the most shocking things may be said and done on the Palais Royal stage without shocking the eminently respectable people who pack the house nightly, and roar themselves into convul-

sions over scenes that could never be presented on the English-speaking stage.

The Palace was burned by the Communists in 1871, as were many other famous buildings, including the Hôtel de Ville — the City Hall of Paris — which has since been splendidly restored. It is the finest purely modern pile in Paris: but it marks a site reeking with tragic memories. There in the Place de Grève was the old execution ground of earlier centuries. There Louis XI had an accused assassin torn to pieces by four horses; there Ravaillac, who murdered Henri IV, was literally cut to bits; there Damiens, who tried to kill Louis XV, had his guilty hand burned off before being subjected to tortures still more barbarous; there after the fall of the Bastille, its governor was de-



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE

capitated by the crowd; and to go back to earlier times, there the young King Philip, who reigned in the twelfth century, was killed by a fall from his horse — the accident caused by a pig running between the horse's legs. Since then it has not been lawful to allow four-legged pigs to wander about in Paris.

The Hôtel de Ville has been called the "Louvre of Robespierre," who during his brief, terrible régime made it the seat of his government of terror; and there, too, he met his downfall, and in the moment of defeat, feeble attempting suicide, merely shattered his jaw with a bullet instead of blowing out his brains. Had Robespierre gripped the pistol as coolly and as firmly as he gripped for a time the scepter of the Terror, the guillotine would have been robbed of its prey and the drama of French history would have lacked one of its maxes. From the upper windows of the Hôtel de Ville — or better still, from

the moment of defeat, Robespierre gripped and as firmly as he the scepter of the Terror, have been robbed drama of French lacked one of its maxes. From the the Hôtel de Ville — still, from



THE TOWER OF ST. JACQUES



SEVEN STONE BRIDGES

the top of the neighboring Tower of St. Jacques — all that is left of a sixteenth-century Gothic church — a splendid bird's-eye panorama of Paris is revealed. We look westward — down the Seine — counting seven of the twenty-seven bridges that span the river between Charenton and Auteuil. Counting the shorter bridges that span the narrow branches of the Seine between



the Latin
and the islands
La Cité there are

LOOKING TOWARD NOTRE DAME

Quarter
of St. Louis and
seven more —

making a total of thirty-four fine bridges — all, with one or two exceptions, either artistic or imposing.

A very interesting morning may be spent in cruising up and down the Seine in the little river steamers — popularly known as *Bateaux Mouches*—Fly Boats — which flit along the stream from station to station discharging or receiving passengers at the little floating landing-stages where very brief stops are made. The fare is only ten *centimes* — two cents in American money. Each passenger is supposed to purchase, while en route, a metal check,



THE BRIDGE OF AUTREUIL AND A SUBURBAN TRAIN

or *jeton*, and this he drops into the hand of the conductor of the “water omnibus” as he steps ashore at his destination. On Sundays and holidays the fare is doubled, and yet the number of passengers carried is quadrupled, for the Paris populace appreciates the advantages of these little river

journeys up and down the beautiful, historic Seine. In fact, it is always a pleasure, even for one to whom Paris is familiar, to glide under one historic bridge after another, to gaze up at the beautiful façades of the Louvre and the Tuileries and other buildings in which history has been made — or in which famous art treasures are enshrined —



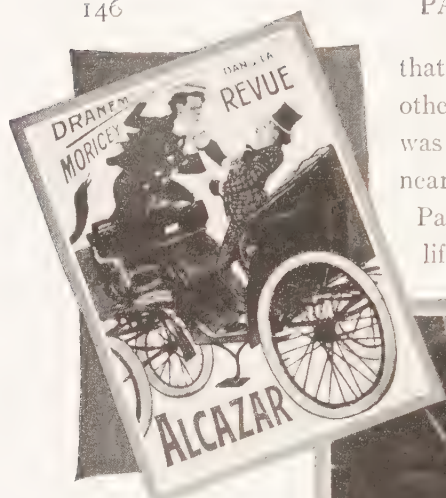
THE BRIDGE OF PASSY AND A SUBWAY TRAIN

and to see lifting their ancient noble forms against the sky, the Towers of Notre Dame, la Tour St. Jacques, the domes of the Institute and of the Panthéon, all these famous shapes, apparently shifting their relative positions and forming new and ever-changing compositions as the *Bateaux Mouches* slip silently along the historic waterway that winds through the greatest and most wonderful of Continental cities.

Nowhere in the world can one enjoy, for so little expenditure of time and money, a more impressive moving panorama, historical, artistic, and rich in a charm that is not explicable to those who do not know Paris and love it, for it is the *charm of Paris*, — a charm that is indefinable, yet one from which we who do love Paris never can escape. The most famous of the many bridges under which we pass is the old Pont Neuf — the “New Bridge”



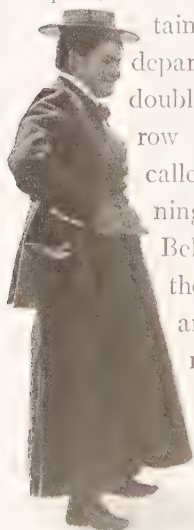
A STATION OF THE "MÉTRO"



every one was sure to pass. The police used to say that if they watched three days in succession for any man they "wanted" and he did not pass, it was cer-



THE WOMAN CABBY



LA FEMME COCHERE

tain that he was either dead or departed. The Pont Neuf is a double bridge traversing the narrow western end of the island called l'Isle de la Cité and spanning both branches of the Seine.

Below it, extending westward like the low prow of a ship of stone — the decks of which are deep-covered with a cargo of verdure — is one of my favorite little corners of "Quiet Paris" — a peaceful, pretty garden, the Jardin Henri IV. Few foreigners ever find their way down the steep steps



behind the famous statue of Henry of Navarre and into the cool, calm, triangular little park that bears his name, and which was at one time a separate island — a sand-spit called l'Isle des Treilles — joined to the larger island of La Cité when the foundations of the bridge were laid. More familiar than the garden of Henri IV is the equestrian statue of that grand old King that dominates the



THE ISLAND OF LA CITÉ AND THE PONT NEUF

place where the Pont Neuf rests itself there in midstream. The royal rider and the royal horse are made of the bronze that once incarnated the Imperial Napoleon on the Colonne Vendôme — the bronze that that same Napoleon had taken, in the form of cannon, from his enemies; and the original statue of Henri IV, which was set up here in 1635, was melted down in 1792 and recast in the form of revolutionary cannon. The Revolution paved the way for the Dictator, who later on, as Emperor, was to take from the Austrians and Russians the gun metal that went into the making of the Napoleonic monument in the Place Vendôme, and of which a part has served in the restoration of the noble figure of great Henry of Navarre, presiding genius of the old Pont Neuf.

Along the lower *quais* that surround the Garden of Henri IV and stretch along under the bridges are the haunts of many curious types of poor Parisians unlike those seen along the higher *quais* or in the streets above. Lone fishermen, by the score, each one apparently alone in spirit, absorbed in watching the lone line

that rarely brings him up a fish, stand like monuments of patience at intervals of ten or twenty yards, unmindful of the passing boats, intent upon their tiresome, time-killing tasks of waiting for a bite. Watching them, we recall the calmly enthusiastic declaration of the Yankee who loved fishing — "You fellers what don't fish, jest don't know what fun it is to sit, an' sit, an' sit — an' *jest fish*." Less numerous than the silent anglers, but just as characteristic of the city Seine, are the *tondeurs de chiens* — the



HENRI IV

men who clip, with clippers, or trim with scissors, the short hair of real dogs, or the fancy manes of those vain-looking poodles. Then too, there are the men who for a trifling fee will wash your pet dog in the Seine. And then there are the sinister *Apaches*, who, if it suits their scheme, will send their victims "to the wash" in the murky waters of that river that swirls below the Morgue. The Apache of Paris is no Indian: he has assumed the name and acquired the blood-thirsty instincts, but he lacks the nobler attributes of the red man of the plains. How did the "bad man," the tough, the thug of Paris get his trans-Atlantic title? He took it, so they say, from the American dime novel. The famous thrillers, the "Nick Carter Tales" of blood and thunder

which have been the inspiration of the American messenger boy, were translated into French, and republished in Paris. The gaudy pictures on the covers of those books appealed to the adventurous Bowery class of Paris. The stories suited the "bad man" of the outer boulevards, the Apache on the war-path or in quest of blood became their most honored type of lawlessness, and Nick Carter a much feared and highly respected personification of law and order. So Apache—pronounced "Apash"—in time became a synonym for the night-prowling criminal of Paris—the man who stabs and kills for the pleasure of the thing—the man who lets a woman work for him—pays her with blows, and, when in need of some excitement, waits in a dark street to strike down and rob a passer-by, more for the pleasure of the killing than for the profit of the robbing. One



THE PONT NEUF

night a gallant friend of mine, returning hotelward from a long night of sight-seeing, was stopped in a dark street by three Apaches. He was alone — they were in force, and therefore bold. They swaggered up in front of him, instead of sneaking on him from behind. One said, "*Tiens, my friend, nous sommes des Apaches—*



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE

we are Apaches!" striving to strike terror to his heart at mention of the fearsome name. "*Bien, my friends,*" said *mon ami*, "*c'est bien, moi, je suis Nick Cartaire — I am Nick Carter!*" whereupon the dumbfounded French "Indians" fled to their wigwams in dismay.

A lecture wonderfully rich in interest could be made without touching any part of Paris save the Isle de la Cité, which was the cradle of Paris. It was the site of the first cluster of Gallic huts when France was one of the three parts of all Gaul; later it became the fortified Roman camp when Paris bore her Latin title, Lutetia. For centuries thereafter Paris remained a tiny town confined al-

most exclusively to this small island in the Seine; and this island is still, in truth, the "Island of the City" — is still the heart and center and therefore the most interesting part of the great Paris of to-day. It was originally one of a group of six islands, three large and three small ones. The latter have been incorporated with it; of the former, one remains an island, the Isle St. Louis, lying a little to the east and joined to the Isle de la Cité by the Pont St. Louis; but the third and easternmost of the larger islands has become a part of the right bank, its river front now known as the Quai Henri IV. Thus the old archipelago of six low, tree-bordered isles and islets of the primitive days is now represented by two high islands, solidly walled up with masonry, loaded with buildings — among them some of the most famous piles of Paris —

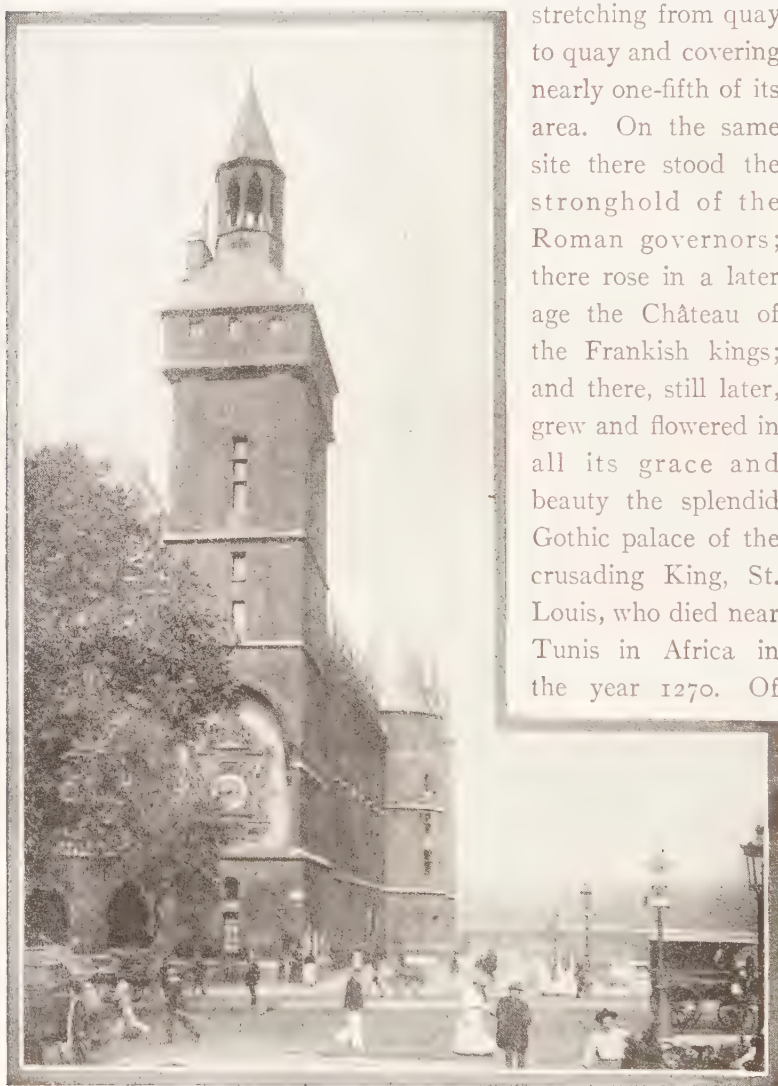


A PICTURE OF THE MEDIEVAL CITÉ IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE

and these two islands lie there in midstream like ships of stone charged deep and high with historic treasure, moored to the banks by many broad, strong chains which take the form of bridges.

Largest, if not most conspicuous, among the structures of the Cité is the Palais de Justice, nearly as wide as the island itself,

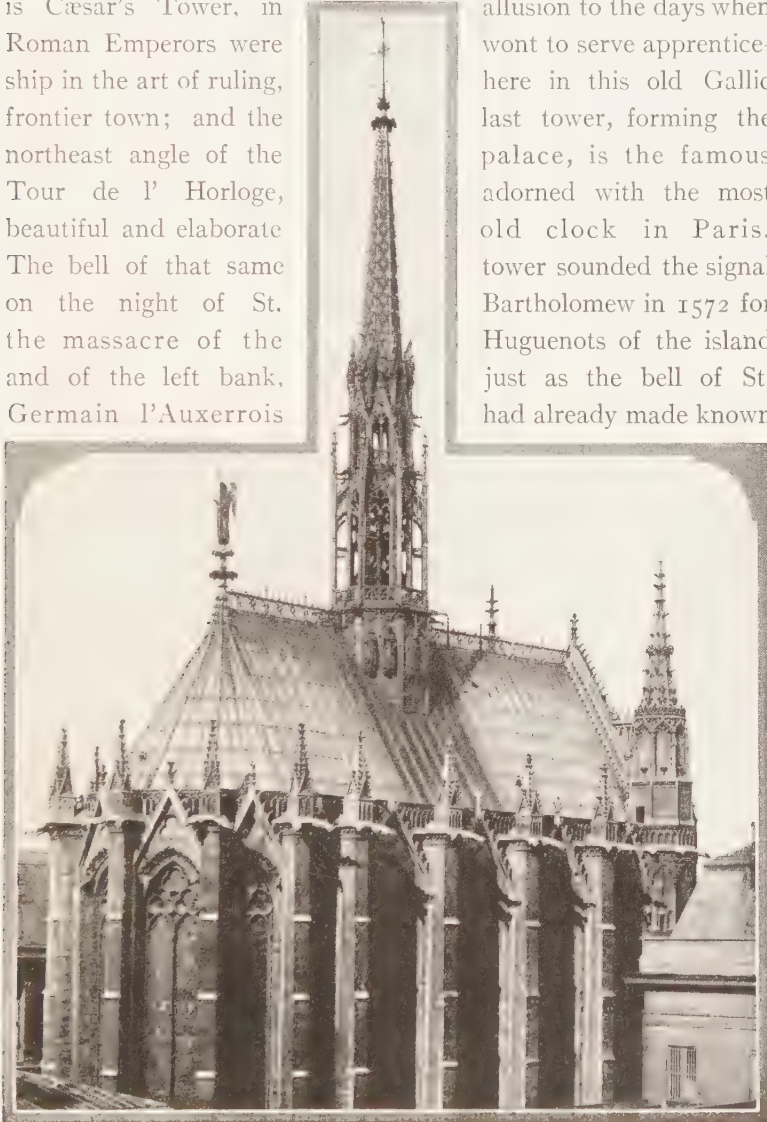
stretching from quay to quay and covering nearly one-fifth of its area. On the same site there stood the stronghold of the Roman governors; there rose in a later age the Château of the Frankish kings; and there, still later, grew and flowered in all its grace and beauty the splendid Gothic palace of the crusading King, St. Louis, who died near Tunis in Africa in the year 1270. Of



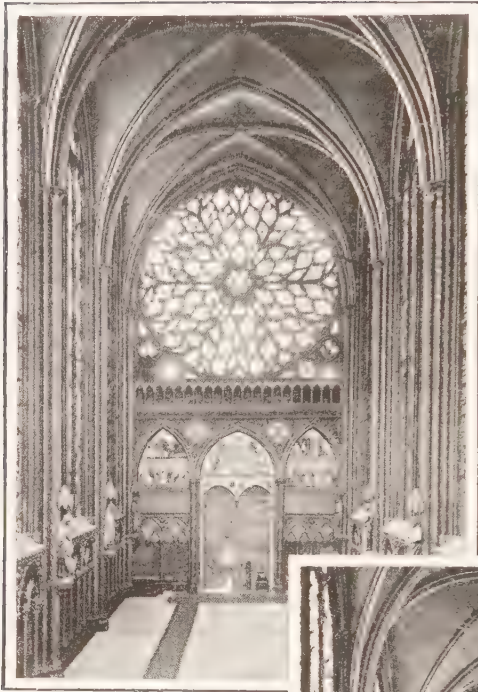
THE CONCIERGERIE

his palace there remain to-day a few notable reminders. The four towers that frown down upon the broader north branch of the Seine date from the days of Louis IX. The westernmost is called by his own name; the next is the Silver Tower; the third is Cæsar's Tower, in allusion to the days when Roman Emperors were wont to serve apprenticeship in the art of ruling, here in this old Gallic frontier town; and the northeast angle of the palace, forming the famous Tour de l' Horloge, beautiful and elaborate. The bell of that same tower sounded the signal on the night of St. Bartholomew in 1572 for the massacre of the Huguenots of the island just as the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois had already made known

allusion to the days when



THE SAINTE CHAPELLE



to the murderers on the right bank that the king, Charles IX, had at last consented to the holy massacre planned by his grim good mother, Catherine de' Medici.

The greater part of the vast mass of buildings now known as the Palace of Justice is modern, but in exploring it the traveler,

passing from room to room, passes also from century to century. He enters the dark, low prison-cell of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie; he beholds court-rooms of magnificent stateliness, where sit the highest courts of the Republic; he paces the great vaulted hall known as the Salle des Pas-Perdus, where lawyers



THE WONDERFUL WINDOWS OF THE "HOLY CHAPEL"



NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

waste or lose so many steps while pacing up and down, and waiting for a call to serve a client in the adjacent halls of justice. But it is not until the traveler enters the Sainte Chapelle that he realizes what the beauty of the old Gothic palace must have been. Even granting that the world-famous Holy Chapel was the most exquisite feature of the royal abode of the sainted Louis IX, the other features of the palace, harmonizing with it, as they did, must have been exquisite in grace and loveliness and impressive in dignity



THE NAVE OF NOTRE DAME

and grandeur. It is one of the architectural gems of Paris, externally as graceful and as delicate as a chiseled jewel-casket, internally as graceful and as glorious in color as if it had been made of nothing more material than the substance of a rainbow. The windows are wonderful — forming a Bible in stained glass — telling in luminous color-pictures the stories of the Sacred Scriptures. The Sacred Relics to enshrine which this masterpiece of architecture was designed were nothing less precious than a fragment of the True Cross and the Crown of Thorns, which had been worn by the Founder of Christianity on the day of the Crucifixion. These relics, the authenticity of which was vouched for by high ecclesiastical authority, are no longer here: they are preserved to-day, with many other relics, in the treasury of Notre Dame.



THE GOTHIC PORTAL

From the Sainte Chapelle we go to Notre Dame, the grand old church whose history is the history of Paris for the past eight hundred years. The greater part of the open space before the church—called La Place du Parvis Notre Dame—was covered



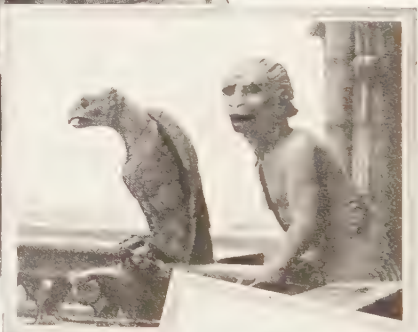
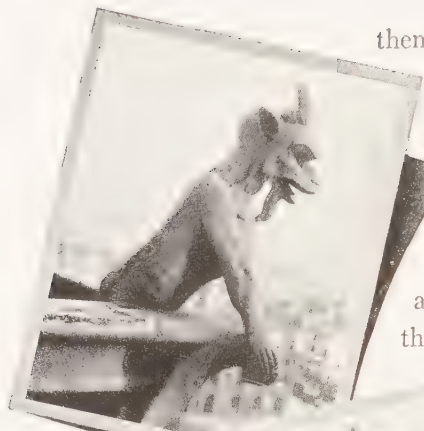
"OUR LADY OF PARIS"

formerly by hundreds of little houses and dozens of narrow medieval streets. The houses of old Paris pressed close around the most famous of her churches; but that old Paris has now disappeared, leaving the noble face of Notre Dame to look down on this empty square, from which we look up at the noble face of Notre Dame. The towers have no spires; but we do not miss

them. To complete the old design by adding spires, would be to spoil this wonderful façade and rob it of that square, solid dignity that has impressed so many generations of our fellowmen. But Notre Dame is not entirely bereft of spires; a marvelously graceful one rises above the nave.

It was designed by the great modern architect, Viollet-le-Duc, to genius France artistic restoration many of her monuments.

whose owes the tion of so medieval To the labors of Viollet-le-Duc the world owes much. He has saved for us and for posterity many a splendid structure which, if left uncared for, would have perished, or if restored by less skilful or reverent hands would have been spoiled forever by injudicious restoration. Thanks to him, Notre Dame reveals to us to-day all the pure Gothic beauty with which she was originally endowed by the unknown architects of an artistic past — for, strange to say, of all the builders



THE CHIMERA GUARDIANS

who in successive centuries gave their best to Notre Dame, we know the name of only one — Jean de Chelles — and he was only a master-mason engaged on the work for a time in 1257.

The history of this church and its site is the history of Paris. Here stood to Jupiter in days when



an altar the old pagan Paris was a Roman stronghold. Here also rose a little Christian church in the fourth century;

in the great church that we see to-day many a King of France was crowned. Here Bonaparte crowned himself Emperor of the French and placed a crown upon the

head of Josephine. Here Napoleon III was married to the beautiful Eugénie. Here the ruffians of the Commune tried to duplicate their destructive successes at the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville; for having destroyed the palace that was



ON THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME

the symbol of imperial authority, and the City Hall which was the symbol of law and order, they attempted to put an end to Notre Dame, the symbol of religion. But Notre Dame was not of perishable stuff. The grand old monument refused to burn. Despite the bonfire, made of her thousands of wooden chairs and benches heaped up in the nave, the church suffered no serious



L'ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS

injury. To make a bonfire here was like burning a few chips in a stone fireplace. There was much smoke, some fire, a few heaps of ashes — but the old stone fireplace was scarcely warmed by the blaze. The church that had combated the eternal fires for so many centuries was not to fall a prey to those short-lived anarchistic flames.

No one should fail to climb the towers of Notre Dame. The views of Paris are superb — the stone chimeras that haunt the tower-tops are as interesting and amusing as they are horrid and uncanny. Their grimaces recall the expressions we may see on the faces of the dead folk lying in the Morgue, that sinister

little building just behind Notre Dame. The derivation of the name is curious. It comes from an old French verb, "morguer," meaning "to look at solemnly," or "to look at sourly." In the old Paris prisons there was always a room called the Morgue where new prisoners were made to sit motionless for several hours in order that the police and warders might study their faces at leisure, so that they might recognize an old offender or take note of a new visage. And while subjected to this scrutiny, no doubt the prisoners wore faces as solemn and as sour as those of the victims in a modern morgue, who, all unconscious of the public stares, wait there for recognition, motionless and staring grimly at the staring crowd.

By crossing any one of the five short bridges that span the quiet, almost unused channel of the Seine that lies — rather than



MUSEE DE CLUNY

flows, for it is locked in like a canal between the island and the left bank, *la Rive Gauche* — we may find ourselves within the vaguely defined limits of the famous Latin Quarter. It is called the Latin Quarter because it was and is the students' quarter, the part of Paris frequented by those who are following the courses in the great educational institutions, the Sorbonne, the College of France, the School of Mines, and the schools of art and architecture known collectively as *l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. All of these institutions are found on the south or left bank of the river, and as in the old days Latin was the language of literature and the arts, this quarter, devoted to classical studies, was called the *Quartier Latin*, or the Latin Quarter. The schools of to-day are vastly different from the original establishments to which they owe their names. The huge educational palace called La Sor-



BUILDINGS OF THE SORBONNE

bonne would never be recognized by its founder the monk, Robert of Sorbon. He was the confessor of St. Louis the King, and he began his teaching here in the year 1253, instructing sixteen young students of theology. In time, and under royal and clerical favor, his school became the supreme authority in all things touching education, sacred or profane. It is to-day the

seat of the University of Paris, frequented by twelve thousand students, and it is of course now free



THE TOMB OF RICHELIEU

from all religious bias, a vast temple of knowledge, no longer a stronghold of medieval dogma. In the old domed church of the Sorbonne sleeps one of the great men of France, Richelieu, cardinal and more than king, who died in 1642.

Not far from the University stands the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève, a modern building which suggested the design of the Public Library of Boston, but the latter is so much more effective and pleasing to the eye that its indebtedness to this Library

of Ste. Geneviève is not at first apparent. Fronting on the same square is the old church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, a Gothic church, curiously overlaid with Renaissance and classical details. It looks like several different churches, inter-penetrating one another; a photograph of the façade is

like a composite picture made up with pictures of many churches, each church dating from a different period. Note the curious round turret creeping up the tower, the classic pediment beneath the Gothic rose window, the thousand and one architectural contrasts and contradictions that make the exterior of St. Etienne one of the architectural marvels of old Paris. The interior is equally interesting and even more curiously beautiful. The church is now the shrine of Ste. Geneviève, who has been the sainted patroness of Paris ever since the reign of King Clovis and Queen Clotilde, whom she converted

to Christianity about the year five hundred. She lived a life of miracles; her prayers turned back the barbarian hosts of Attila from Paris; the bed in which she slept in a cell near the Seine is said to have been left untouched by the inundation that flooded the entire quarter; — the waters formed a protecting arch over the bed of Ste. Geneviève and left it dry and undisturbed while all the rest of the neighborhood was ruined by the mire of the overflow. She died at the advanced age of eighty-nine. Her tomb



ST. ETIENNE-DU-MONT

is still one of the most popular objects of devotion for those who reverence the saints of old. But the gilded Gothic shrine that we see in one of the chapels of St. Etienne's church is not the one in which her bones were originally deposited, for that was of pure gold and was sent to the mint to be melted down during the Revolution. Nor does the newer shrine contain her relics, for the bones of the best-loved saint of Paris — venerated for thirteen centuries — were burned by an impious mob only about one hundred years ago. Her first tomb was in a church that stood where now the mighty Panthéon of Paris lifts its majestic dome. The Panthéon was to have been the mausoleum and monument of Ste. Geneviève, but with the passing of the Catholic Kings it became, first a Temple of Reason, then a Hall of Fame, dedicated



APPROACH TO THE TOMB OF STE. GENEVIEVE

to the great men of the fatherland, then again a church, and now, since 1885, it has become again a kind of secular Westminster Abbey, in which the great men of the nation are interred. Great thinkers sleep now in the crypt; among them Rousseau, Voltaire, and Victor Hugo, three great men whom the world has branded pagan, but whose influence has been nevertheless incalculable. Whatever may have been their faults their cry was always for "more light"; and where would progress be to-day, had it not been for the great thinkers who dared to question the great mysteries and dared to voice their questionings and to speak their thoughts?

Appropriately has Paris placed here, on a pedestal before this Temple of Free Thought, the masterpiece of the great sculptor Rodin which he calls "*Le Penseur*," "The Thinker." The bronze colossus, type of primeval man, sits with his head bowed



THE LIBRARY OF STE. GENEVIÈVE

on his hand as if for the first time in thought. We seem to see Man, as the human animal, for the first time overwhelmed by an idea — for the first time, thought-matter has entered into and animated the coarser stuff of which the human animal is made, and Man, endowed with power to think, thinks and becomes



THE PANTHEON

conscious that he and all things sensate or insensate are but differing manifestations of that still finer matter, which we call the divine. Science is telling us to-day that all matter is divisible into still finer matter. Science has smashed the atom, once the unit of the universe, into a million atoms; each of these atoms into a million smaller atoms, for which no name has yet been found, and every one of those nameless nothings is known to be divisible into still smaller units that are not units, but merely agglomerations of matter so fine as to be inconceivable by our

crude human brain. It was my privilege to meet in a famous laboratory of the Latin Quarter the one human being who from a purely scientific point of view has gone deepest into the great mystery of being. She is Mme. Curie, widow of Professor Curie and co-worker — and co-thinker — with him in the experiments that led to the discovery of radium. She now holds her late husband's chair of chemistry, and with a number of devoted



" TO THE GREAT MEN OF THE FATHERLAND "



RODIN'S " THINKER "

pupils she has probed so deeply into the mystery of the quality of matter that she has nearly reached, by purely scientific and chemical paths, the same conclusions reached by students who have approached the same mystery from the philosophical and mystical side, as for example Swedenborg, Mrs. Besant, and all who claim to have looked

beyond the veil. In other words, Mme. Curie's experiments would seem to prove that what we call the spiritual world is not supernatural, but a simple, natural world of natural matter so fine as not to be perceptible to us because of the dullness of our senses and the crudeness of our organs of perception. The much-laughed-at "astral plane" of Mme. Blavatsky threatens to become the sane, matter-of-fact, and scientific-



STE. GENEVIÈVE

ally demonstrable discovery of Mme. Curie. But as we cannot yet photograph astral bodies or the scenery of the astral plane we turn our lenses now toward the very natural, quiet beings who take their thoughtful or their thoughtless ease day after day in the superb Garden of the Luxembourg—one of the many charming settings that Paris provides for those who have time to play the part of a *flâneur*. Thoroughly to enjoy the real Paris, the stranger, too, should learn the Parisian art of *flânerie*. *Flâner* is the verb that stands for "loaf," but it is a more graceful word than "loaf," and the art itself, or rather the passive state of being a *flâneur*, is far removed from the

vulgarity of loafing as practiced in other less artistic countries. The art of *flânerie* is a fine art with the French, and in the parks of Paris we may observe the real Parisians, enjoying life in their own sensible and quiet way, Parisians utterly unlike those of the garish boulevards. We hear so much about the "Gay Paree" that

I am tempted some day to prepare a travelogue and call it "Quiet Paris." It would make a very charming lecture.

Nobody would come to hear it—but I should feel that I had paid a little of the debt I owe to Paris, by attempting to correct that almost universal misapprehension that Paris is all vanity and rush and restlessness, that the characteristic expression of Paris is a lustful leer and the chief amusement of

Parisians, debauchery. So it may

seem, especially to the American who pays his annual toll to the vice of Paris and who has done much to perpetuate the orgy-like gayeties that animate certain sections of the city; but there is a "Quiet Paris" full of serenity and calm. This peaceful Paris is not a special quarter; it is made up of many and various fragments scattered far and wide.

The most artistic architectural fragment of that peaceful Paris of the thoughtful *flâneur* is the exquisite old palace of the Abbots of Cluny—now a museum of medieval arts and craftsmanship. The Musée de Cluny is one of the most satisfying bits of old Paris



PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG



A LADY OF THE LUXEMBOURG

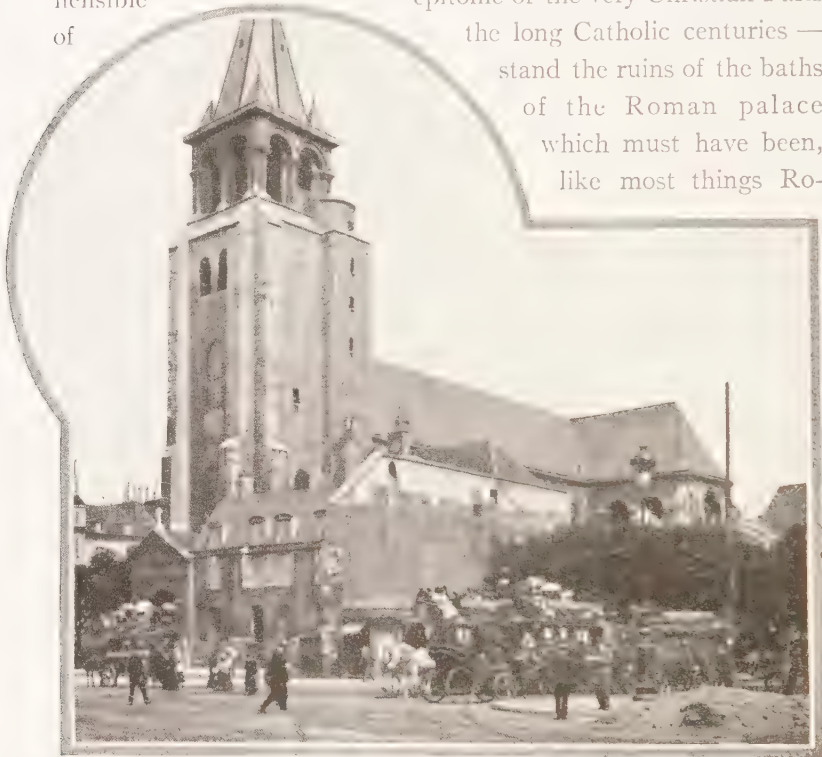
that has survived the campaign of "improvement" that has swept away so much of the quaintness and beauty of the past. It is satisfying within and without. The exterior is as charming to-day in its Gothic grace and dignity as it was when the conscientious workmen of the abbot-builder, Jacques d'Amboise, finished their tasks in the year 1490, and the holy men of the Abbey of Cluny took possession of their artistic residence. Three centuries later the Revolution gave it to the State. In 1833 it became the property of the famous archeologist de Sommerard, and when he died in 1842 the State regained possession through purchase, and this historic house and the artistic treasures it contains may be regarded now as precious public property. The collections illustrate the life and customs of the Paris of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, but the historic souvenirs of the site take us back to Roman times. Here stood the Palace of the Cæsars when Gaul was but a Roman province. Here Julian was proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers of his legions



AVENUE OF THE OBSERVATORY

in the year 360, whereupon he proceeded to earn his title of "The Apostate" by renouncing Christianity and declaring himself a champion of the old pagan gods of his ancestors. Adjoining the Musée de Cluny — which is a delightful, comprehensible epitome of the very Christian Paris of the long Catholic centuries —

stand the ruins of the baths of the Roman palace which must have been, like most things Ro-



ST. GERMAIN-DES PRÉS

man, a colossal and imposing symbol of that force that ruled the world during the distant centuries when "Roman" was a synonym both for "power" and for "pagan." The garden of the museum forms a calm verdurous retreat where we may sit and muse upon the Past — and at the same time listen to the roar of the Present — the clamor of the Boulevard St. Germain.

Everywhere in Paris we may find calm canals of quietude paralleling the roaring rivers of the well-known streets; or little

eddies of calm into which we may drift, out of the maelstrom of the busy boulevards — as for example the stately Avenue de l'Observatoire so near the boisterous *Boul' Mich'* — the Broadway of the Latin Quarter — or the little garden under the shadow of the old church of St. Germain-des-Prés, just off the Boulevard St. Germain. You may



have passed that garden a dozen times and never thought to enter it, to pay your respects to the old artist who is the presiding genius of the place.

There stands a statue of Bernard Palissy, the great potter and enameler, the man whose experiments, discoveries, and successes formed the foundation

THESE ALSO ARE PARISIENNES

upon which France has erected her great Ceramic Art Industry at Sèvres. Palissy was a Protestant; he died in the Bastille; but to-day his statue stands in this little garden under the shadow of the old Catholic church of St. Germain-des-Prés, which is all that is left of the ancient Abbey of St. Germain founded in 543 A. D., and at one time a veritable fortified *enceinte* where Cardinals and even Kings held sway as Abbots, in the days when the Church was in all things supreme. The battered old pile that we see to-day is a favorite subject for the painters who live in the quarter round about. There are studios in nearly every street. Behind the church we find a typical corner of Latin-Quarter Paris. The houses look as if they had "just grewed" like Topsy; "just grewed" as room was added to room, floor to floor, while chimneys have sprouted from each unfinished patch of wall.

Very comfortless are these old houses: comfortless in fact are

nearly all Parisian apartments when judged by the standard set by even the more inexpensive New York flats. Save in the new, so-called "American quarter" on the right bank, where modern methods of construction, heating, lighting, and "lifting" have been introduced, Paris is hopelessly behind the age in all the big and



PALISSY, THE POTTER

little conveniences that are looked for, taken as a matter of course, even in the cheaper apartment houses in our country. Elevators are the exception rather than the rule, candles are more in evidence than incandescent lamps, hot water rarely runs from the faucets and such a thing as a well-equipped bathroom is practically non-existent in many a building

occupied by people of the better class. Never shall I forget the trouble and excitement occasioned by my attempt, some years ago, to get a real hot bath in the lodgings I had taken — before discovering that there was no modern plumbing on the premises. "Un bain, Monsieur? Mais parfaitement! I will make the bath to come at five o'clock this afternoon," said the obliging *concierge* when I expressed a desire for total immersion. "But I want the bath now, this morning, before breakfast," I insisted. "Impossible, Monsieur, it requires time to prepare and to bring, but

it will be superb — your bath — the last gentleman who took one a month ago enjoyed his very much. You will see, Monsieur, that when one orders a bath in Paris, one gets a beautiful bath — it will be here at four o'clock." At four, a man, or rather a pair of legs, came staggering up my stairs — five flights, by the way — with a full-sized zinc bath tub, inverted and concealing the head and shoulders and half the body of the miserable owner of those legs. The tub was planted in the middle of my room: a white linen lining was adjusted; sundry towels and a big bathing sheet, to wrap myself in after the ordeal, were ostentatiously produced. Then came the all-important operation of filling the tub. Two pails, three



WHERE ARTISTS DWELL

servants, and countless trips down to the hydrant, several floors below, at last did the trick: the tub was full of ice-cold water. "But I ordered a hot bath." "Patience, Monsieur, behold here is the hot water!" Whereupon the bath man opens a tall zinc cylinder that looks like a fire extinguisher and pours about two gallons of hot water into that white-lined tub—result a tepid bath—expense sixty cents—time expended two hours, for the tub had to be emptied by dipping out the



HOW
YOUR
BATH
TUB
COMES—



— AND GOES

water and carrying it away, pail after pail. Then the proud owner of the outfit slung his pails on his arms, put his tub on his head like a hat, and began the per-



A "LEFT BANK" STREET



IN AN ETCHER'S STUDIO

ilous descent of my five flights of stairs. I had had enough of primitive Paris — I moved to costlier quarters where tubbing was not wonderingly regarded as an Anglo-Saxon extravagance, to be indulged in more as a matter of monthly ostentation than as a joyful daily duty.

As for the telephone system of Paris it is an irritating joke. Why try to telephone when time is precious and taxicabs cheap? The telegraph system, under Government ownership and management, is absurdly inadequate, and so untrustworthy are the employees that if you really want your messages transmitted you ask for, receive, and *pay for* a receipt which insures you against the probability of having your money pocketed and your wire sent *via* the waste basket. The *reçu* costs two cents but spares you many an hour of uncertainty. Some things they do not “manage better in France,” the telephone and telegraph being among them. It is said that we love men for their faults; and we may say the same of nations or of cities; most of the failings of France

and Paris are delightful failings — picturesque or temperamental faults that inspire admiration or affection. We would not have our Paris other than it is. Happily, it is not yet a modern city; the Latin Quarter is still in many ways delightfully medieval, and that is why we love it and why it is the favorite haunt of



A STUDY IN GABLES

artists. They can find in Paris "inspiration," "atmosphere," "temperament,"—all those things that artists talk so much about, but never can define; and they can find here in the same city a market for their wares, buyers for their goods — rich patrons of the arts; for just across the river lies the "Gay Paree" which is peopled every season by the Crœsuses of the New World who come to spend the crude gold of the New World, not only in buying Parisian pleasures, but also in purchasing

pictures painted in studios perched high among the housetops of this older Paris. Crœsus, by the way, is the only millionaire of his period whose name has come down to us: and why is Crœsus remembered? Not because he was rich, but because he was a patron of the arts. Although we have not the



IN A STUDIO

wealth of Crœsus, we like to pose as patrons of our artist friends in Paris. It is always pleasant to drop into, or rather climb up to, the studio of some good friend and criticize his latest picture, look over his new etchings, and hear him tell modestly about the things that he has done and the things that he intends to do; and every year we find him doing better, bigger things, and one year we find that the enthusiastic boy we knew as a struggling toiler in the long school of art has become some-

body — has made a name — that the Salon accepts his pictures, that his pictures all find purchasers; and we begin to realize that the etching of an old street in an old *quartier* that he sent as a gift a few years ago now has a value — aside from that value that everything well done possesses — not merely because it was a gift, but because other prints from the same plate have since



"LA RUE BRISE MICHE"

won both praise and prizes in great exhibitions or a place in the collections of great connoisseurs. It represents a narrow street in the old quarter of Paris, known as *Le Marais*. You will say at first that no such quaint old street exists today in Paris; but the artist himself will take you to it; you may take your camera, and the camera will take a



THE ETCHER'S WINDOW



LA RUE BRISE MICHE AS REVEALED BY THE CAMERA

picture of that quaint old street, *La Rue Brise Miche*, showing it as it appears to-day, and every day, to any one who takes the trouble to find it — by first losing himself in the labyrinth of the old Quarter of the Marsh. You cannot know your Paris until you have been guided through the *Quartier du Marais* and other queer old quarters by some painter or some

etcher who has explored them in his search for subjects such as this. These quarters are still quaint even in photographs.

This suggests that there is still another Paris to be done into a travelogue some day — “Old Paris” or “Quaint Paris,” the Paris of the artist, or preferably of the art student — for that Paris still has some right to its old title, *La Bohème*. But Parisian “Bohemia” is not a place, a quarter, or a district of the city — the real Parisian Bohemia may be defined as “a personal pecuniary condition.” Bohemia is where men get their money’s worth. Bohemians are those who refuse to pay more in money or in time — and time is money — to pay more for anything than it is worth. Bohemianism, the right sort, means simply



"MARIUS"

AT THIRION'S — UPSTAIRS

common sense; a sensible Bohemian saying is "Why pay ten francs for a dinner on the right bank when one can dine so well for twenty *sous* at Thirion's on the left? Thirion's is in the Boulevard St. Germain; it is frequented by the students, poets, and painters of the *quartier* and from time to time by tourist

parties from the fashionable hotels, guided usually by some expert-student of the years that are no more. The place has been historic ever since some one invented the story that Thackeray used to come here when he lived in Paris, and that the walls are covered with the scribblings and the autographs of Thackeray and the famous personages of his time. The walls are now discreetly covered with burlap; the precious writing on the wall is never shown. Instead, paintings by impecunious patrons are displayed for sale. When one is sold, there is much rejoicing, and a new meal-ticket is issued to the happy painter, while Marius — dear old Marius, once merely the waiter, now the son-in-law and successor of the late-lamented Thirion — goes to the tube and shouts an order to the kitchen. The words that travel oftenest down the tube are these, "*Un soixante-quinze, saignant, pommes pailles.*" Literally, "One seventy-five — bleeding — straw potatoes." Real meaning of the phrase — a little beefsteak that costs seventy-five centimes — fifteen cents — smothered in Julienne potatoes, called *pommes pailles*, because a heap of them looks like a pile of straw. How many glad,



AT THIRION'S — DOWNSTAIRS

young, empty, and artistic stomachs have rejoiced to hear good Marius sing down this tube with phonographic accent, born of a million repetitions, "*Un soixante-quinze, saignant, pommes pailles!*"

Downstairs on the ground floor a bust of old man Thirion, done by a sculptor-patron, possibly in payment for many meals, looks down on tables usually occu-



"IT IS THE HEALTH"

piated by rank outsiders, for those who know the place go up that spiral stairway in the corner to the *entresol* where the artistic atmosphere is thicker. Not much more pretentious in aspect, but far more famous among epicures who are not compelled to count the cost of the good cheer of Paris, is another restaurant, known as *La Tour d'Argent* and renowned for its cuisine. All things they do well at the Tower of Silver — but few patrons care to order aught but the "*dîner de la maison*" — with its three marvelous courses — *Potage Tour d'Argent*, — *Sole Cardinale*, — *Canneton à la Presse* — the last being the dish upon which the house rests its fame and stakes its reputation. It is prepared and served with an almost religious solemnity by the distinguished-looking proprietor of the establishment, Frédéric Delair — "Frédéric the Great of Paris" he is called by those who have partaken



of the famous duck done as Frédéric alone can do it. Patrons who come for the first time never fail to remark the fact that Frédéric looks like the late Dr. Ibsen. He dissects ducks as skilfully as the great Norwegian dramatist dissected human character. Every duck he serves is numbered; every party receives a certificate giving the number



of the bird;
ours was No. 28,556,
and it was just as good as the
twenty-eight thousand five
hundred and fifty-five *cannetons* that had previously passed
through the *presse* operated so skilfully by the famous old man of
the famous *Restaurant de la Tour d'Argent*.

Parisian cooking is both a fine art and a science, and no traveler who appreciates this fact can pass the building of the Institute of France without vaguely wondering why that famous institution has not among its many illustrious divisions an *Académie Nationale de la Cuisine*.

The Institute comprises five academics — *Inscriptions et*

Belles-lettres, Sciences, Beaux-arts, Sciences morales et politiques, and possibly most important, surely most celebrated, the French Academy, *l'Académie Française*, with its membership of forty living Immortals — and its necrologic lists of names that have adorned French literature during the last three centuries. The Académie Française was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635 for the perfecting of the French language and the advancement of literature. Its members are called "Immortals" because each is supposed to have accomplished something that will give him everlasting fame. Yet the names of many members are practically unknown outside of France, while men whose fame is world-wide have been refused admission. We look in vain for the name of Molière among the Immortals of his generation, and in our own day Emile Zola, with superb audacity, time and again

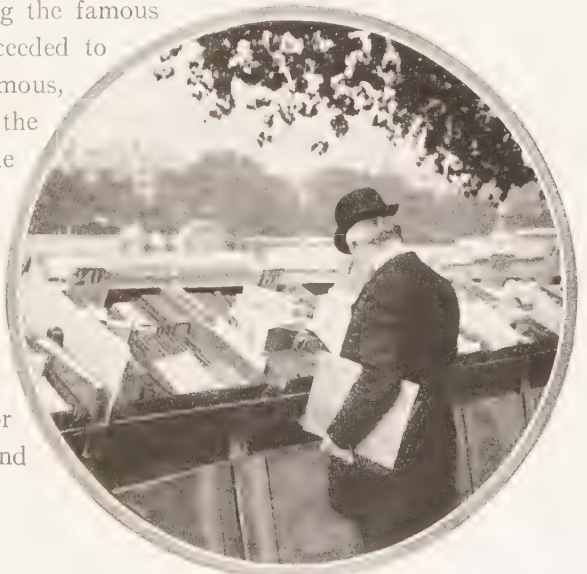


THE INSTITUTE



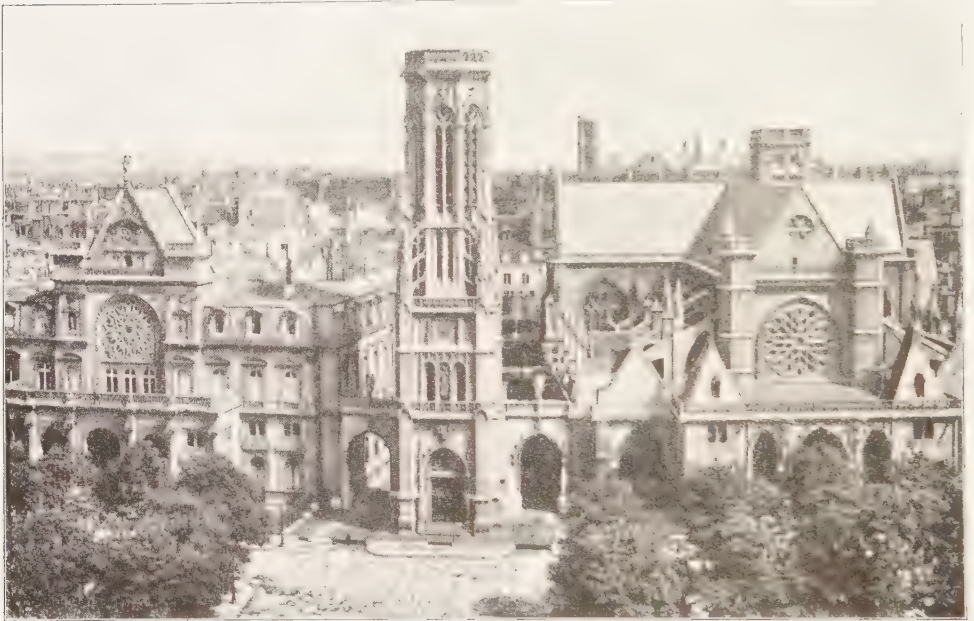
THE BOOK STALLS OF THE "BOUQUINISTES"

announced himself a candidate for the place left vacant each time an Immortal put on immortality, but as often as Zola proclaimed his right to a seat among the famous forty, the Académie proceeded to elect some man less famous, leaving the great hero of the Dreyfus case out in the cold — too great, too big, too popular, and too famous to be admitted to the Institute he had learned to scorn, but at the door of which he never ceased to knock, for his reputation's sake — and



LITERATURE ALONG THE SEINE

also, we suspect, for the fun of the thing. Literature is very much in evidence along the quays on the left bank of the Seine. On every parapet rest the boxes of the *bouquinistes*, the men or women who deal in books both old and new, but always second-hand. Their stalls form a continuous book-shop about two miles long — a shop of many score of proprietors — of many thousand



ST. GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS, FROM THE LOUVRE

volumes, of very modest value. Two or three cents will buy a decent work by a famous writer — even the less decent works of more famous writers sell for modest sums, but the most numerous frequenters of the *bouquinistes* are those who merely pause to browse on books — free-gratis-for-nothing — as, on their way to or from their daily tasks they loiter up or down the open-air corridors of this “Public Library of the Passer-by.”

A famous foot-bridge — called the *Pont des Arts* — leads from the Institute, which is the home of the Science and the Letters of France, to the Louvre, which is the home of much that

is best of the Art of the entire world. It contains the largest, richest, and most fascinating art collection ever gathered together under one roof in any city of the ancient or the modern world. I say, under one roof, but the Louvre has many roofs. The Louvre is not a palace—it is a palatial city, a suite of variously beautiful constructions dating from different periods, differing one from another in architectural design. The finest feature is the east façade with its twenty-eight Corinthian columns, built during the reign of Louis XIV, about two hundred and fifty years ago. This is, however, comparatively new. The oldest building that bore the name of Louvre dates back eight hundred years. It was a hunting lodge of the French Kings; this part of Paris was then a forest, and here they hunted wolves, or *loups*, hence, so say some authorities, the name “Louvre”—a strange name



THE EAST FAÇADE OF THE LOUVRE



THE VENUS OF MELOS

for the richest art museum in the world. To try to put the collection of the Louvre into a travelogue would be hopelessly absurd; but we cannot turn away without rendering homage to that marble Queen and Empress who from her pedestal in this palace of so many vanished Queens and Empresses reigns over the whole world of beauty. She stands at the end of a long marble corridor. To come into the lovely presence of that goddess from the island of Melos we pass between two ranks of lesser goddesses, modestly yielding to her the throne of supreme beauty to which any one of them might aspire, were it not for her.

It is difficult for the traveler to tell just where the Louvre

ends and where the Palace of the Tuileries begins — for these two historic homes of French royalty now form one vast connected series of palaces and pavilions. The two long wings of the combined palaces inclose three great open spaces that are divided from one another only in name — the inner Garden of the Louvre, adorned with modern sculpture — the great paved area



PLACE DU CARROUSEL AND THE LOUVRE

called the Place du Carrousel, dominated by the smaller Napoleonic arch of triumph, and the broad, beautiful expanse that forms the beginning of the broader and longer Garden of the Tuileries that stretches all the way to the Place de la Concorde. Formerly the old original Palace of the Tuileries, begun by Catherine de' Medici in 1564, closed the now open space between the two pavilions that now terminate the wings of the Tuileries on the west. It was the home of royal and imperial glories and tragedies. Before the Revolution it was not the chief royal residence, but in 1789 Louis XVI was brought hither from Versailles and installed as a hostage of the nation. Three years later,

thirty thousand armed men broke into the Tuileries and forced the King to put the red cap of the Revolution on his head; then, on the decisive tenth of August, 1792, Louis and Marie Antoinette fled from another mob, leaving their Swiss Guard of about eight hundred men to be massacred by the angry populace. After the awful

Reign of Terror came the glorious Empire of Napoleon the Great, with the Tuileries as its imperial court. After Waterloo came the Restoration with Louis XVIII in the Tuileries as Bourbon King. His successor, Charles X, was driven from the palace by the revolutionists of 1830.

His successor, Louis Philippe, was forced to fly thence during the revolution in 1848. Napoleon



THE FRIEND OF THE BIRDS

III revived the glories of the Tuileries, and here his consort Eugénie reigned as Empress of the French until he met his great defeat at Sedan in the Franco-Prussian War, when, aided by her American friend, Dr. Evans, she in turn fled from the palace which had seen so many sovereigns put to flight by the fickle populace of Paris. And finally, at the end of the anarchic period that followed the withdrawal of the German troops from Paris, the mobs of the Commune, on the point of defeat, wreaking their vengeance on all the public buildings of the Capital, filled the Tuileries with combustibles and applied the torch. When the

Government troops, coming from Versailles, forced their way into the city, this home of Kings and Emperors had become a scorched and shattered wreck, a splendid stone and marble wreck which has since been cleared away. It is interesting to remember that the stones of the wrecked palace were purchased by the descendants of the great Napoleon's arch enemy, Pozzo di Borgo of Corsica, and transported to Ajaccio, where one pavilion of the Tuileries has been reërected as the country house of the Pozzo di Borgo family. Thus, part of the very palace to which "the little Corsican" fought his way through seas of blood now shelters the offspring of his bitterest enemy, who from its windows look down from their Corsican hillside upon the Corsican city where Napoleon was born. See how the tangle of historic threads gets thicker and thicker with every step we take into the past of this wonderful Paris.



THE ARCH OF THE CARROUSEL

At the western end of the Jardin des Tuileries there is a charming shady terrace, from which we may look down upon the grandest public square in the world, the Place de la Concorde. That terrace is one of the most delightful bits of the "Quiet Paris," which should be sought out by every visitor who wishes



CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

11

really to know and enjoy this city by the Seine as it should be known and enjoyed. So warm and sunny is this terrace, even in winter time, that Frenchmen call it lovingly *La Petite Provence* — "Little Provence" — as we might call a sunny spot in Central Park our "Little Florida."

The glorious Place de la Concorde owes its name, "The Place of the Peace," to the peace signed at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, during the reign of Louis XV, an equestrian statue of whom was set up here, only to be pulled down in 1792 when the great square was renamed Place de la Révolution. It was indeed *the* place of the Revolution — the place of the Reign of Terror,

the place of many executions, some of which were merely murders — the place of the Guillotine. History has done a grievous wrong to a certain worthy Dr. Guillotin in crediting him with the invention of the contrivance that bears his name. He was not the inventor of the guillotine — he was the man who recom-



CONCORDE

JARDIN DES TUILERIES

mended its use in order to render decapitations less uncertain, less revolting — more mercifully quick. The inventor was a certain equally worthy Dr. Louis, and the machine he made for cutting off heads with neatness and dispatch was called at first the “Louissette,” but when the Constituant Assembly acted upon the recommendation of Dr. Guillotin, his name attached itself inseparably and forever to the thing for which it stands to-day — and became a name to shudder at. It began its work in this square with the highest: the head of the King was the first head severed in the Place de la Concorde; then one by one, and later, lot by lot, fell the heads of the great and famous, cleft from bowed



THE OBELISK OF LUXOR

Seine. There stood that terrible machine from which flowed, like red wine from a wine-press, the best and the worst blood of the French nation. But we are not here to conjure up these dreadful memories of a dark yesterday; we come to see and to enjoy the Paris of

shoulders by the swift-falling blade: Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette, Philippe Égalité, father of the future King Louis Philippe; then Danton, and finally even Robespierre placed their heads beneath the gliding blade and their troubled spirits glided out of this world's turmoil. For each the last vision of our world was this wonderful great square; but the next vision—the first vision that greeted their spirit eyes as they opened on a world that we cannot see—was it the same for each? Or did each soul find—beyond the guillotine—the kind of world which it had fashioned for itself? The exact location of that scaffold is marked by one of the two fountains, the one nearest the



ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS

to-day in all her brilliant splendor. Still there is no escaping historical associations. We turn from the reminders of the Revolution and find ourselves confronted by a reminder of the Franco-Prussian War, the statue representing the city of Strasbourg, lost to France in 1871. It is one of the eight statues that surround the Place de la Concorde and represent eight of the chief provincial cities; those cities are Rouen and Brest, Bordeaux and Nantes, Marseilles and Lyons, Lille and Strasbourg. The Strasbourg monument is always draped with mourning emblems and adorned with wreaths of immortelles as if in memory of a dear sister who



"MERCURY"



CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE

is dead. Every year these decorations are renewed by the patriotic French; but meantime Strasbourg lives and prospers under the flag that Bismarck raised above her. And more historical associations greet us as we turn toward the middle of the square. There stands the obelisk that sends our thoughts far up the Nile to Luxor, — ancient Thebes, — where we saw the twin of this Egyptian monolith standing before the temple of Great Ramses in the city that was the Paris of the Pharaohs.



"MILITAIRES"

The Obelisk of Luxor tells us in hieroglyphics that very few can read — and at which very few



IN THE AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES



LE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS

even pause to cast a glance — of the glory

of
King

Ramses II, who reigned in Egypt more than three thousand years ago. Astonishing, is it not, that to-day — even to-day — the traveler may meet Ramses face to face in Cairo, where in a glass case, in the National Museum, we may gaze at the actual features of the man who caused the obelisk to be quarried and caused a record of his deeds to be cut deep



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES



LE PETIT PALAIS

in its stony surfaces. The mummied body of Ramses the Great bids fair to last as long as his great granite monuments. We know that he loved display; that he was a vain and ostentatious King. He could ask no better setting for the stone that glorifies his name; it is set in the grandest square of the world's most monumentally decorative city, at the head of the wide Champs-Élysées, the greatest avenue of vanity and glory in the modern



COURT OF THE "LITTLE PALACE"

world. At the far end of that avenue is the great Arch of Napoleon: the self-designed memorial of the ancient King of Egypt faces the self-commanded memorial of the modern Emperor of Europe, and the Arch says to the Obelisk, "Ramses, I understand *you*," and the Obelisk replies, "Yes, Bonaparte — we understand each other." From the Obelisk thirty-two centuries look down upon the Champs-Élysées. The street vistas of Paris are overwhelming in their suggestions of magnificence. There is an antique splendor about Paris — a glory that can never fade — that makes



THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE



her seem a sister city to the imperial cities of the past, to Thebes and Alexandria, Athens and Rome; she is in aspect the one, the only, Imperial City of the present day, and Paris grows more splendid from year to year. In preparation for the Exposition of 1900 a great transformation was wrought in the quarter



A PRIVATE "HÔTEL" IN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

that lies between the Champs-Élysées and the Esplanade des Invalides. The old Palais de l'Industrie, which had been the home of the Salon for so many years, was demolished, and on and near the site there rose two beautiful buildings, Le Petit Palais and Le Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. Between them is the wide Avenue Nicholas II, leading to the superb Pont Alexandre III, grandest of all the bridges that span the River Seine. Magnificent are the glimpses of Paris from this and from other bridges.

Happily for the traveler, the grandest and most splendid spectacles of Paris are all free. For nothing, we may enjoy these vistas of magnificence: and those glorious moments just at sunset, when Paris is transfigured by the magic lights and colors of the sky, are free as air to all who care to look. But even without the trickery of color, Paris is grandiose, the Arc de Triomphe is imposing even in the crude white light of noon. We look at it always with increasing admiration. It grows in majesty each time that we behold it. The finest of the four colossal groups that adorn the arch, represents the Goddess of War, Bellona, sister of the War God, Mars, leading her warriors to combat. She seems to be advancing like a whirlwind; we almost hear her cry, a cry that must be like that of the *Walküre*. The Germans, when they marched around this arch in 1871, must have looked



ÉLYSÉE-PALACE HOTEL AND A SUBWAY ENTRANCE



"WAR"

up in admiration at this glorious female fiend and likened her to the mythical Valkyrs of the Fatherland. I say when the Germans marched *around* the arch, for I am told that they did not march through or under it. The German Kaiser, William the Great, who had just been crowned Emperor in the Palace at Versailles and whose troops were about to enter Paris in triumph, gave order that the line of march should lead around, not through, the arch, thus courteously sparing the French nation a cruel humiliation. It is affirmed that after the conquering hosts had passed, the French brought out deodorizing carts and secretly sprinkled with disinfectants all the streets through which the Teutonic troops had



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

marched, to wash away the stain, or, as I once jestingly ventured to say on the platform, "to kill the germs from Germany." Of course, I meant this as a joke, or rather an allusion to the well-known joke about "Parasites from Paris, Microbes from Ireland and Germs from Germany," but a fatherland-loving, uncomprehending German citizen of the city where I used the phrase, would not let pass what he regarded as



A SIDE VIEW OF THE ARCH



AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE

an affront to his victorious compatriots. He sought me out behind the scenes and boiling with Weber-Fieldian indignation he assured me that "Ven dey make a marsch in Paris dose German soldiers dey don't no germs on de ground leave! So det vashing it vas necessary *not!*"

The Arch is more than a hundred and fifty feet in height and although begun during Napoleon's reign it was not finished until



THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES FROM THE ARCH

1836 when Louis Philippe was King. Inscribed upon it are the names of one hundred and seventy-two battles — all Napoleonic victories — and the names of three hundred and eighty-six generals, all victors through the genius of Napoleon.

From the Arch, two of the twelve splendid avenues that radiate from the Place de l'Étoile lead to the Bois de Boulogne. We may follow the wide Avenue de la Grande Armée — which is

really an extension of the Champs-Élysées, under a different name — to the Porte Maillot, just beyond which at certain seasons we find the crowds and tumult of the Fête de Neuilly, or we may follow the more aristocratic Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, which is the approach to the famous park most favored by the fashionable. One private palace in that avenue always arrests the attention of the American visitor. It is the Parisian domicile of Mme. la Duchesse de Talleyrand, née Anna Gould. It was erected under the artistic supervision of her first husband, M. le Comte Boni de Castellane, and is — to a more or less conspicuous degree — a reproduction of a celebrated little palace at Versailles, *le Grand Trianon*, built two centuries ago by Louis XIV for Mme. de Maintenon. Both are dainty structures of a pale pinkish tone; the modern palace a trifle nobler in design, the older palace more effective because of its broad terraces and lovely gardens, to reproduce which in Paris would have cost more than even the richest of trans-Atlantic heiresses could afford to spend upon a home in the Old World.



AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE



THE GOULD-DE CASTELLANE TRIANON
IN PARIS

The Bois de Boulogne is perhaps the most famous park in the world.

It is the playground not only of Parisians but of all the world. We Americans feel a sense of ownership in it, thousands of South Americans regard it as belonging in a sense to them, and citizens of all the European countries claim the Bois as theirs. It is to other parks what Switzerland is to other nations. — the one in whose welfare and preservation the entire world is interested.



THE GRAND TRIANON AT VERSAILLES

In the midst of the Bois there is, or rather was, one of the most delightful little private estates in the world, the Château de Bagatelle, — built in a month by the Comte d'Artois, who later became King Charles X, in order to win a wager he had made



A PARISIAN PALACE BUILT WITH FOREIGN GOLD

with his royal sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette. Over the entrance to the little palace he set the words, "*Parva sed apta*," and it was undoubtedly this dainty dwelling that du Maurier had in mind when he wrote of the artistic dream-experiences of Peter Ibbetson in that most wonderful of novels — most wonderful, at least, to those who think they understand.

Until 1904, when it was purchased for six and a half million francs by the municipality of Paris from the heirs of Sir Richard Wallace, to whom the Bagatelle had belonged for many years,

and opened to the public, this fascinating *demeure* was like a mysterious, forbidden paradise, hidden in the verdure of the Bois, surrounded by high walls and known only to those who, in the course of curious wanderings in the wood had come to its walls and skirted them from one gate to another, peering in through each in a vain effort to gain some idea of what the Bagatelle was like. I have always had, like all other men, the secret hope that some day I might suddenly acquire countless millions; whereupon my first wise extravagance would have been to make the Baga-



IN THE
BOIS DE
BOULOGNE



THE CASCADE OF THE BOIS

telle my own, fill it again with art treasures as Sir Richard Wallace did, and dwell there in that little palace, "Parva sed apta," set in the midst of that lovely private park which was *in* but not *of* the public Bois, — so near to Paris, yet so tranquil in its beautiful



THE RESTAURANT IN THE PRÉ CATELAN

seclusion. But Paris has possessed herself of my dream château, and now, even without the millions, I am free to sit beneath the old trees or upon the stately terrace, and in the quiet hours when there are no other *flâneurs* within the gates, pretend that, after all, the Bagatelle belongs to me. 'Tis better to have dreamed and waked than never to have dreamed at all.

Within sight of my lost paradise lies the broad expanse of Longchamps — the long fields — to which all Paris, "*tout Paris*," comes in its very best clothes to see the famous race for the Grand

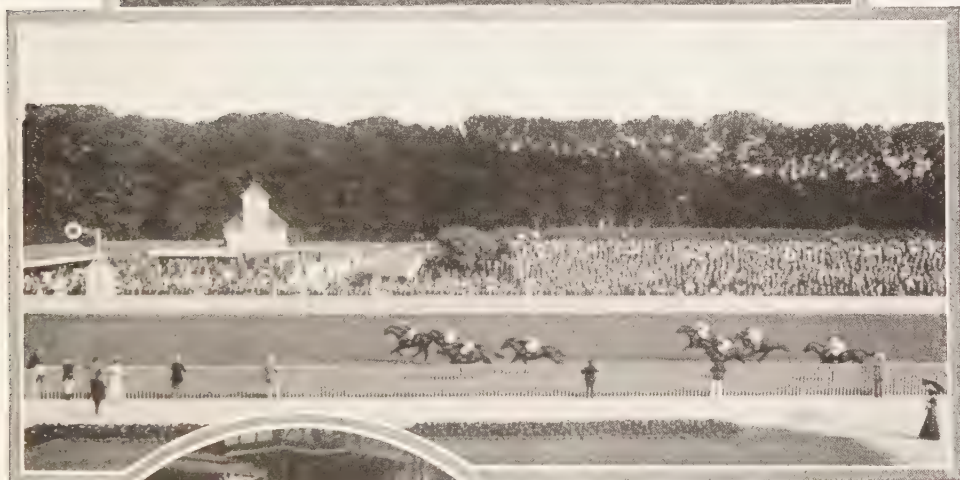


Prix — and incidentally to be thrilled by the beauty, variety, and daring of the costumes worn by the women. On the day of one great turf event we quite forgot to look at the horses in our



THE BAGATELLE

admiration for the pretty clothes on view, and after careful scrutiny of the assembled *toilettes* we chose as the most delightfully *chic* — the most characteristically Parisian figures in the fashionable throng — the two that appear in the picture on the next page. Imagine the amazement and the patriotic thrill with which I learned a few months later, through a friend who chanced to



AT THE RACES

recognize the ladies in the picture, that both are Americans, and that both frocks were designed and made by a dressmaker in Fifth Avenue — and one frock is of Irish lace !

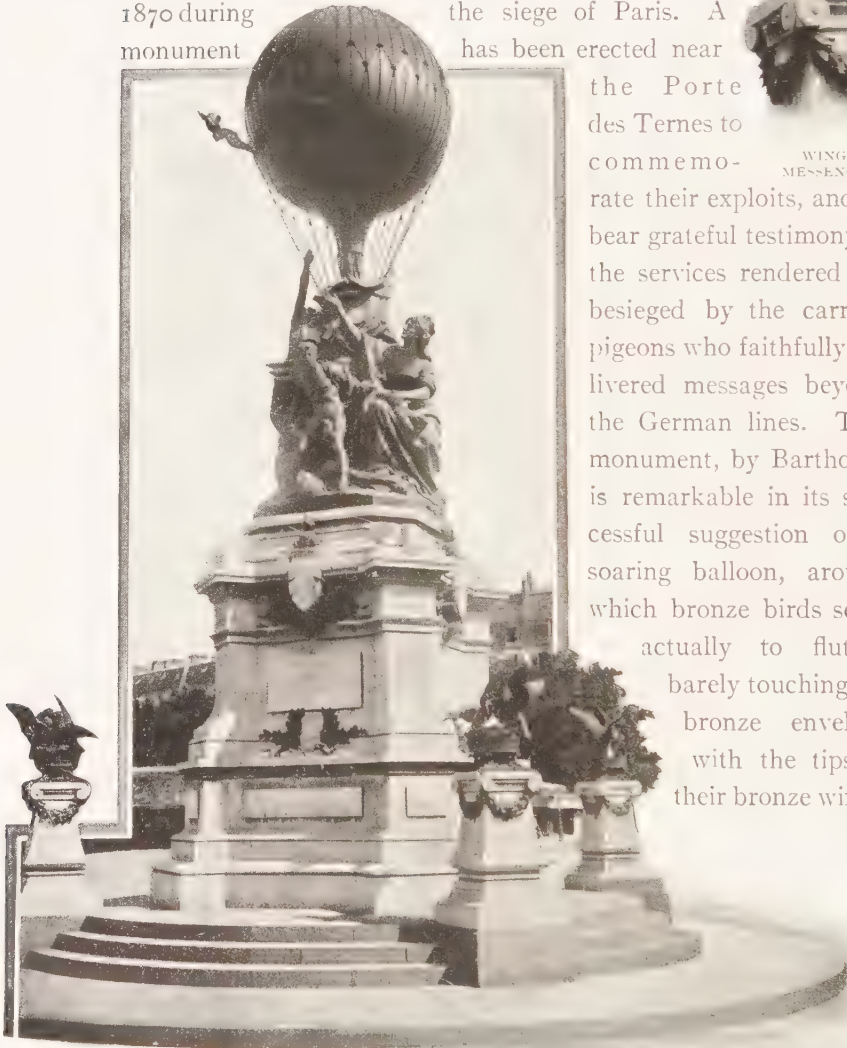
The great annual review of the garrison of

Paris is held on the field of Longchamps. A striking feature of recent reviews has been the appearance of the military airships soaring over the heads of the assembled troops. Yet the newest dirigible is not more wonderful in our eyes than were the clumsy, helpless bags of gas used by the aeronauts of 1870 during the siege of Paris. A monument has been erected near

the Porte des Ternes to commemorate their exploits, and to bear grateful testimony to the services rendered the besieged by the carrier-pigeons who faithfully delivered messages beyond the German lines. This monument, by Bartholdi, is remarkable in its successful suggestion of a soaring balloon, around which bronze birds seem actually to flutter, barely touching the bronze envelope with the tips of their bronze wings.



WINGED
MESSENGERS



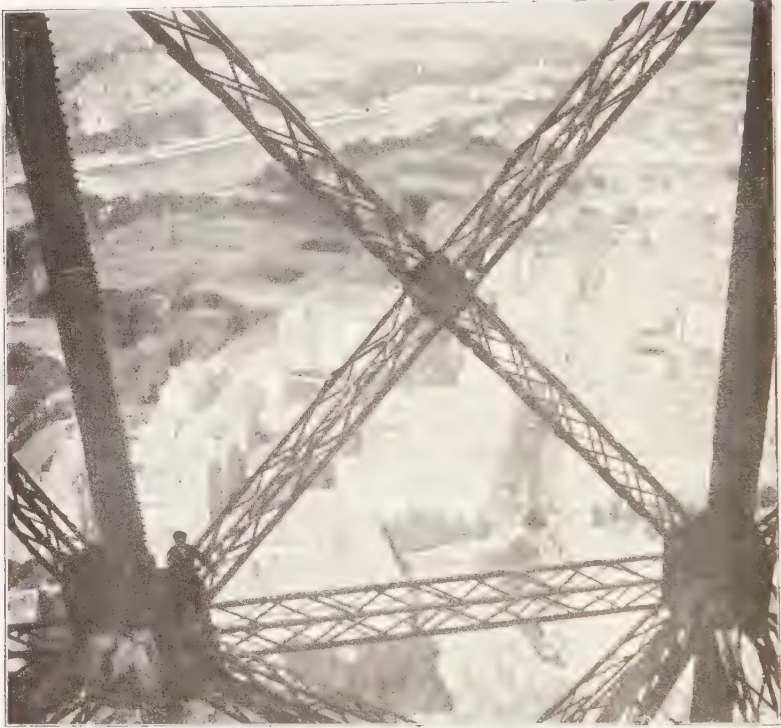
IN MEMORY OF THE
AERONAUTS AND THE
CARRIER-PIGEONS OF 1870

But of all the monuments of Paris not one so completely dominates the city as the Eiffel Tower — that inverted exclamation point — nearly a thousand feet in height. From the top Paris looks like a model city of tiny toy houses, tiny green trees marking the squares and parks and boulevards, a narrow, glittering ribbon marking the curving course of the River Seine. Here and there looms some thing, — a toy arch opera-house. We to reach down and pretty, silent, toy-home with us as we do so we would brightest, glittering glorious, golden space which we recognize as the Esplanade des Invalides. That golden object dome beneath which famous man who conquered Europe, and, according to his dying wish, lies buried on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French



THE EIFFEL TOWER

people whom he had loved so well. The dome was constructed more than two hundred years ago and used as a royal chapel attached to the church of St. Louis-des-Invalides, which of course was a part of the great institution called the Hôtel des



FROM ONE OF THE ELEVATORS

Invalides — not a hospital, as the name suggests, but a home for old soldiers, founded by Louis XIV. It once sheltered seven thousand aged pensioners; now there are only eighteen “invalides” lodged there, for the greater part of the vast building is used as a military museum. The tomb itself, in the crypt under the dome, was not completed until 1853, although the remains of the great Emperor had been brought to Paris in 1840, nearly twenty years after his death in exile on that South Atlantic island where, a thousand miles from the coast of Africa, he had

lived for nearly six years as the "Prisoner of St. Helena." It is now possible to contrast the simple grandeur of this tomb with the crude simplicity of the tomb in which he lay for so many years at St. Helena. The stone slabs that were taken from the



FROM THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER

kitchen fireplace of Longwood — his home of exile — to form the first tomb for the dead world-conqueror in the *Vallée du Gêrenium*, have been brought recently to Paris, and that simple, temporary tomb of gray, plebeian stone has been reconstructed in one of the chapels of the great church wherein the body of the Little Corporal now lies in its grandiose, everlasting, imperially purple sarcophagus. The inscription on the old tomb from St. Helena is merely a line from Lamartine,

ICI GÎT . . . POINT DU NOM

That was all, because Sir Hudson Lowe, the crabbed English jailer of the Corsican Cæsar, would not permit them to inscribe upon the tomb of his dead prisoner any imperial title — so the friends of the departed Emperor inscribed thereon that one line which means,

HERE LIES . . . NO NAME

knowing full well that the whole world would know that there lay one so great and famous that no name nor title on his tomb could add a jot to his great glory and renown.

An unearthly light falling from unseen windows high above, upon the mosaic pavement of the crypt, there reveals the inlaid letters that spell the names of eight now famous places all of which, save one, would be unknown to fame had not Napoleon chosen them as battle-fields and there won amazing victories that changed the destinies of many nations.

With the great Napoleon asleep beneath the Dôme des Invalides, Europe now fears France no more. Think of the energy, determination, obstinacy, pride, wisdom, and tireless industry of



THE RESTING PLACE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

the man imprisoned now in that sarcophagus of porphyry. In it lies the mortal body of the most masterful man the world has seen since Julius Cæsar. His story reads to-day like the fable of some mythic god—for he performed impossibilities, accomplished things that no other man would have dared attempt. Some day I hope to make a pictorial epitome of the life-story of Napoleon, and pictures to illustrate that amazing story must be brought from the ends of the Old World,—from Egypt and from Italy, from Corsica and Spain, from Austria and Germany, from Poland and the steppes of Russia,—for Napoleon touched all these lands, set his stamp upon them, and altered the currents of their history. What an enthralling task it should be to follow the world-conqueror from Corsica, through many victories, to the Tuileries—and from the throne, through many victories and a few defeats, to St. Helena—and from St. Helena back in the triumph of death to this mausoleum, in this great city of Paris that he made so glorious.



NAPOLEON I

The Paris of to-day never could have become the Paris that it is but for the great Napoleon, who poured the treasures of the world into the lap of the city he loved so well. To him Paris owes much of her modern splendor; to him France owes her age of greatest glory; to him the world itself owes a great debt of gratitude because he, more than any other man, made clear the hollow futility of Tradition. Napoleon dealt Tradition a death-blow, he broke the bonds of ancient usage, he taught men that a man is not what he is born, but what he makes himself. He was the first great *individual* of our modern age, — the age when man looks within himself for power and for guidance, the age when *individuality* is everything.









THE BRANDENBURG GATE AND THE PARISER-PLATZ

At one end of the famous Unter den Linden—the Broadway of Berlin—stands the huge columned portal called the Brandenburg Gate. Beyond it stretch the spacious acres of the beautiful Tiergarten—the playground of the German capital. The gate is a sandstone reproduction, more or less exact, of the classic Propylaea, the great marble portal that guarded the approach to the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens. The colossal quadriga or chariot of victory that crowns the gate was driven all the way to Paris by Napoleon, but in 1814 the Germans led the bronze horses back to Berlin again.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

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The books are as follows:
1. The University of Chicago
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Library, Chicago, Ill.
3. The University of Chicago
Library, Chicago, Ill.
4. The University of Chicago
Library, Chicago, Ill.
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8. The University of Chicago
Library, Chicago, Ill.
9. The University of Chicago
Library, Chicago, Ill.
10. The University of Chicago
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BERLIN



Berlin

THE city that is without dignity or beauty can never be more than a camping-place for the workers of the world.

The map of the United States is dotted with industrial camps, crowded with busy and ambitious men and women. Some of these camps shelter populations numbering hundreds of thousands. They are marvelous centers of all that is most marvelous in modern life. To such great camps we give the name of cities, but we do not give them that which should be the crowning glories of a city, order and cleanliness and beauty. Most of them are centers of unsightliness, surrounded by areas of costly ugliness and splendid

squalor. Some of us are conscious of the lack of those things that make for beauty, quietude, and comfort in our cities; others are quite content with conditions as they are. To such I can say nothing, save to congratulate them on their lack of sensitiveness



"AUF WIEDERSEHEN"

to unpleasant sights and jarring sounds. They doubtless would applaud the proud and prosperous citizen of a wealthy western metropolis who voiced their sentiments when he said, in answer to some fastidious criticism of the ugliness that is to-day characteristic of American cities, "What's the use of beauty? We're out for the stuff." To this, hundreds of old-world cities will reply that beauty *pays*: witness the millions annually spent by beauty-hungry Americans in those European cities, great and small, which have made themselves agreeable to the eye and pleasing to

the senses of those who seek respite from the banality and turmoil of our urban existence. Nearly every one of those foreign cities has its lesson for us; especially valuable is the lesson of Berlin. The lesson begins at the pier in Hoboken, New Jersey — a town that is the “Gate to Germany” for the majority of American travelers. German neatness and trimness, German thoroughness and discipline, have nearly succeeded in passing the United States Customs at Hoboken; we find them in all the fullness of their orderly dignity on board the gigantic German ships that lie between the splendid new steel piers of the German Lloyd and the



FACING A GALE



LEAVING HOBOKEN



A FLOATING HOTEL

Hamburg-American Line. From the deck of one of those magnificent floating hotels, as it glides down the North River, we watch the amazing panorama of New York — that astounding succession of sky-scrapers that do not astound us, simply because we ourselves have seen them increase in height and multiply in number from year to year; we shall see nothing more astounding in the Old World, rest assured of that. But two hours later this most wonderful, if not most beautiful, of cities has sunk below the far horizon in the west, and we watch the sun sink to rest behind the fog banks that obscure the shores of the land we leave behind — the land we love — the great land, richer in possibilities, and, considering its brief life as a nation, richer in achievement than any of the lands toward which we go. To them we go, not to ask the secrets of success, not to find the source of energy and

enterprise — these we have already found. We go abroad to ask how we may best enjoy the success that has already crowned our efforts, how we may best use the fruits of that vaster success that is sure to crown our future enterprise. We go abroad, not to acquire a disdain for the life and the ideals of our own land, but to acquire knowledge of the life and the ideals of an older world, a world which naturally is in some ways wiser, a world which has been enjoying

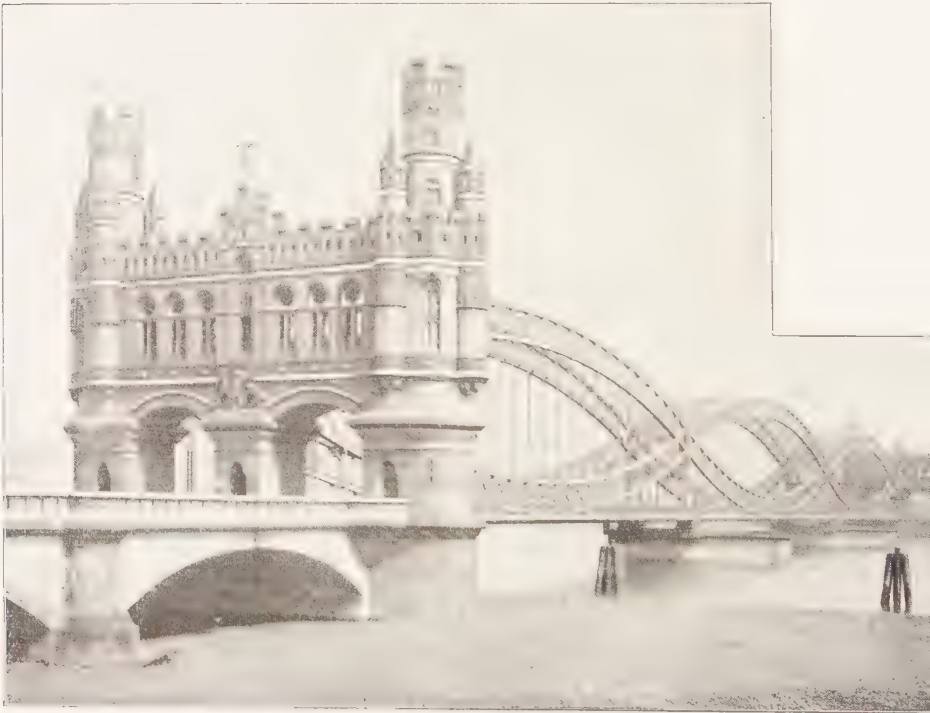


DER KUTSCHER



THE NEW CENTRAL STATION IN HAMBURG

leisure while we have been so feverishly busy building up our wonderful New World. The people over there have had time to think out and solve certain problems, which we have not yet had time to take up. Yet we cannot say that the Old World has been idle all this time. There is a distinction between being idle and enjoying a leisure earned by serious and thoughtful effort. Germany has not been idle these past forty years; the ship that carries us across the sea, one of the many ships belonging to the most important steamship company in all the world to-day — a German company — is evidence that Germany has not only been hard at work but has in fact done a thousand times better than the United States in developing her commerce on the seas. German ships carry a large share of the mails of England and the United States. German ships serve as



OVER THE ELBE

transports for the ever-increasing army of American tourists that annually invades England and the Continent. German industry now looms more threateningly than German militarism. The world now looks almost with awe upon the German laborer—the Teutonic builder, strong, patient, painstaking, and



A MODERN THOR



A TEUTONIC TOILER

content with little pay. The toiler of new Germany, as typified by the splendid specimen of manhood in one of our illustrations, looks a reincarnation of some Northern god. He looks a two-eyed Wotan; he also realizes our ideal of Thor, the belted God of Thunder, ready to fling his crushing hammer — that magic hammer that returned to his strong hand each time that he as the champion of the old Norse gods flung it amongst their enemies.

German industry has flung many a crushing hammer into the factories of France and England; and the French and the English working-men are still wondering what hit them. It will be our turn next, unless we learn to be less wasteful and to



THE JUNGFERNSTIEG AND THE BINNEN-ALSTER



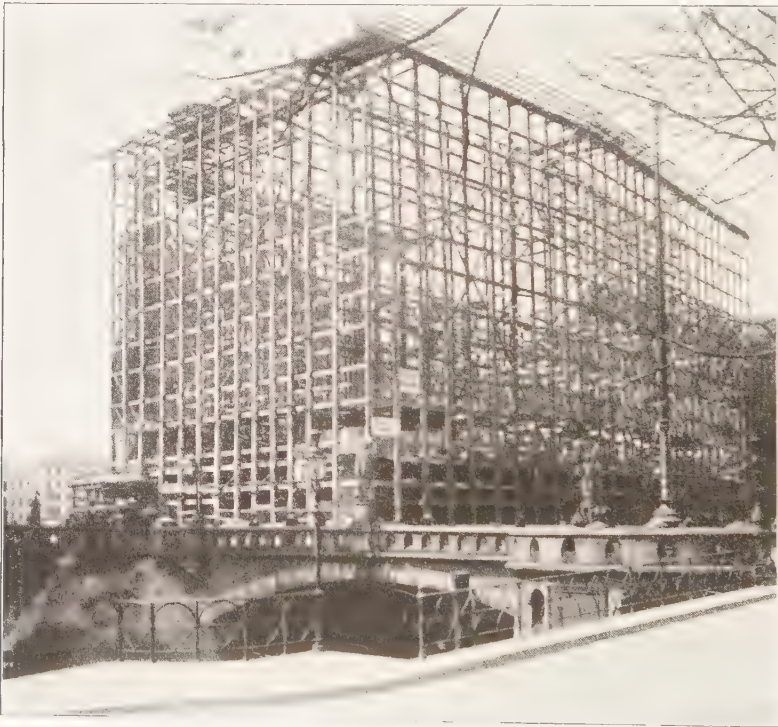
THE RATHAUS OF HAMBURG

live within our means. The growth of the German industries in the last quarter-century has been phenomenal; statistics tell a thoroughly amazing tale for which we cannot find space in our travelogue. Suffice it to say that since the Franco-Prussian War, United Germany has advanced from a real, all-pervading poverty to a prosperity that astonishes



TROLLEY DE LUXE

even the men who have guided the nation on its rapid and triumphant way. We feel prosperity in the very atmosphere as we walk the streets of Hamburg, now the greatest seaport of the Continent. Although the population numbers less than nine hundred thousand, Hamburg is rivaled in the volume of her tonnage only by New York, Liverpool, and London, ranking with them as one of the four most important commercial cities in the Occidental world—for we must not forget the great Oriental port, Hongkong. It is a busy city, as devoted to its business as any city of our own, and yet Hamburg does not disdain beauty. The citizens of Hamburg have not been too busy to beautify their city, not too engrossed with their commercial interests to keep their streets clean and their skies free from smoke. They have even gone in for artistic trolley cars, with



NOT A SKY-SCRAPER, MERELY A SCAFFOLDING

windows as big as those of a club and glazed with genuine plate glass and draped with rich green curtains that harmonize with the pale canary color of the car.

The fare is ten pfennigs — two and one-half cents. The

motorman and the conductor are in uniform.

They wear caps like those of the German soldiers, and they salute us with automatic courtesy before asking for our fare.

This makes us feel that we are far from home —

until we catch sight of what we think to be the skeleton of a skyscraper in construction. I should

say cloud-scraper, for *Wolkenkratzer* — cloud-scraper — is the name applied by the Germans to American steel structures. But

the Hamburg structure that has caught our eye is not made of steel; it is not a prospective *Wolkenkratzer*. It is not even a building; it is merely the wooden scaffolding, inside of which a seven-story house of solid stone is about to be erected. When



ON THE AUSSEN-ALSTER



THE LOMBARDS-BRÜCKE

the house is finished the cage of scaffolding inside of which it has developed will be removed.

Two little rivers flow through Hamburg. They look more like canals, but before discharging into the greater river Elbe they widen out, forming two large placid basins of fresh water in the very heart of the town. The smaller of these two pretty lakes, the Binnen-Alster, is one mile in circumference, and is overlooked by Hamburg's best hotels and the tall towers of the many churches. Small steamers ply like water-omnibuses from port to port, bringing the business men to town, or taking them, late in the afternoon, back to their pretty homes in that park-like residential region on the shores of the still larger outer basin, called the Aussen-Alster, which is the aquatic playground of the city. The early evening sees it alive with sailing craft. Numerous rowing clubs practice on its smooth surface every day, and on Sundays informal regattas are participated in by all sorts of craft, sailed, rowed, or steered by the sons of the men who own the big, real ships that make the name of Hamburg known and respected on the ocean highways of the commercial world. There is method in the



THE HAMBURG OF TO DAY



THE HAMBURG OF YESTERDAY

madness of these pleasure-seekers on the Aussen-Alster; they know that their city's hold on wealth and power lies with the hand that sets the sail and grips the wheel.

They are the men who to-morrow will take up the complex duties of directing the movements of the merchant fleets that throng the anchorage and line the docks of Hamburg's



A DOG'S LIFE

port, the most modern and best equipped great seaport in the world. It is well worth our while to make a short cruise through that port amid the funnels rising above the Elbe, the river burg's commerce to

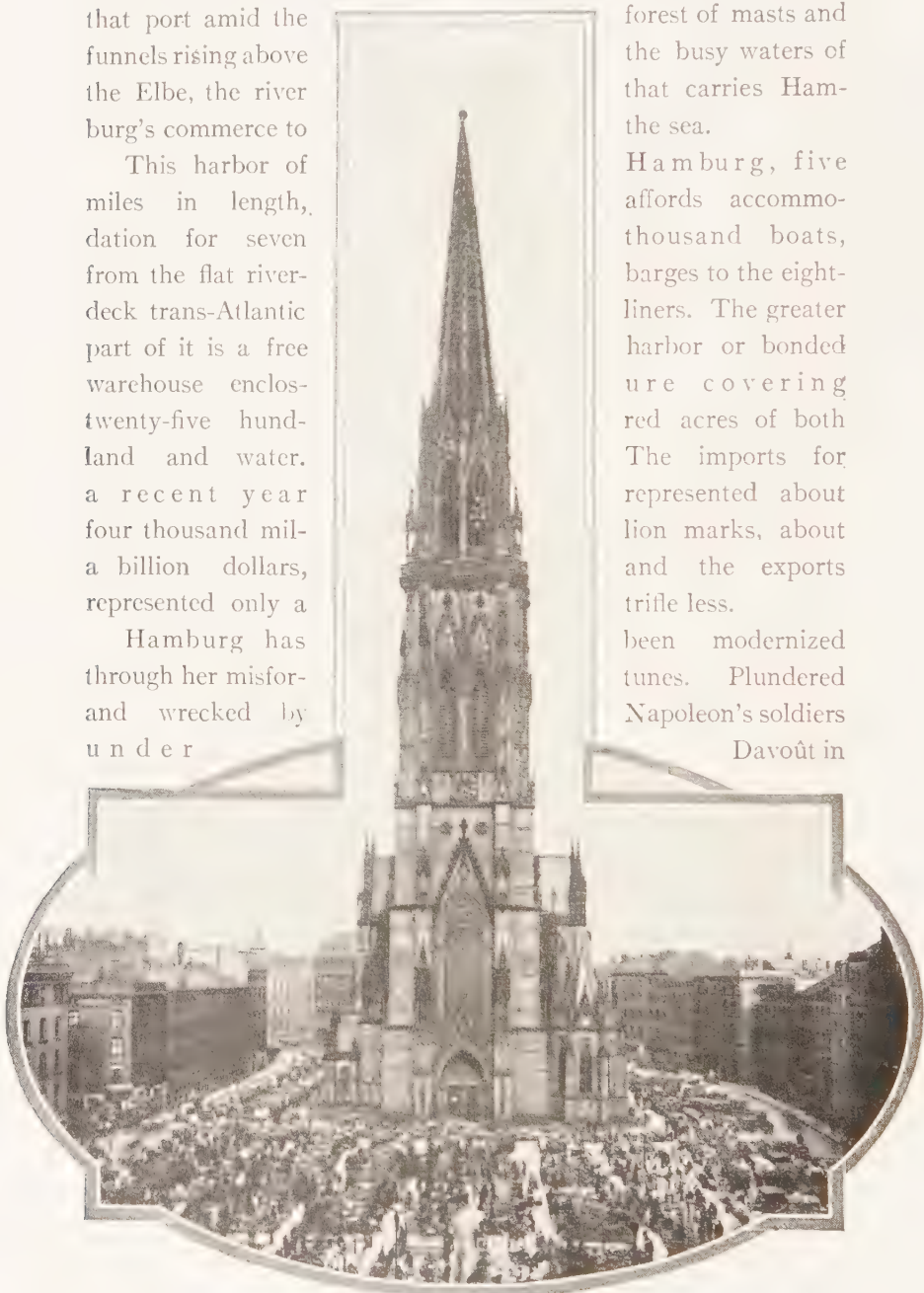
This harbor of miles in length, dation for seven from the flat river-deck trans-Atlantic part of it is a free warehouse enclosing twenty-five hundred acres of both land and water. a recent year four thousand million dollars, represented only a

Hamburg has through her misfortune and wrecked by under

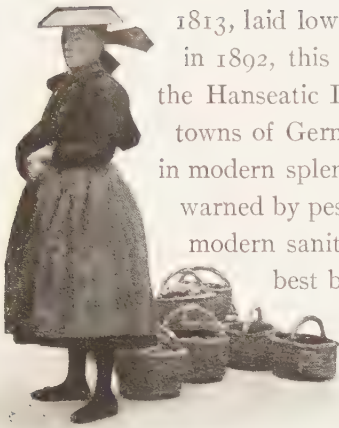
forest of masts and the busy waters of that carries Hamburg the sea.

Hamburg, five affords accommodation for seven thousand boats, barges to the eight-liners. The greater harbor or bonded area covering hundred acres of both land and water. The imports for represented about ten million marks, about and the exports a trifle less.

been modernized in appearance. Plundered by Napoleon's soldiers during the Davaût in



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS



IN THE HOPFEN MARKET

1813, laid low by fire in 1842, and ravaged by the cholera in 1892, this great free city — once one of the queens of the Hanseatic League, the largest of the three great Hanse towns of Germany — has repaired the ravages of war, risen in modern splendor from the ashes of conflagrations, and, warned by pestilence, taught herself the costly lesson of modern sanitation. Hamburg is now one of the richest, best built, and healthiest of seaports. The city of Hamburg, with about a hundred and fifty square miles of the region roundabout, forms a little republic, joined by her own consent to the German Empire but governing herself through her own Burgerschaft and Senate. The little state, however, sends three representatives to the Reichstag and one to the Bundesrat of Imperial Germany. The



ENTRANCE TO HAGENBECK'S ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

sights of Hamburg are sights that are easy to see, sights that do not tire the



OUT OF THE EAST



THE TEACHER OF MERCY

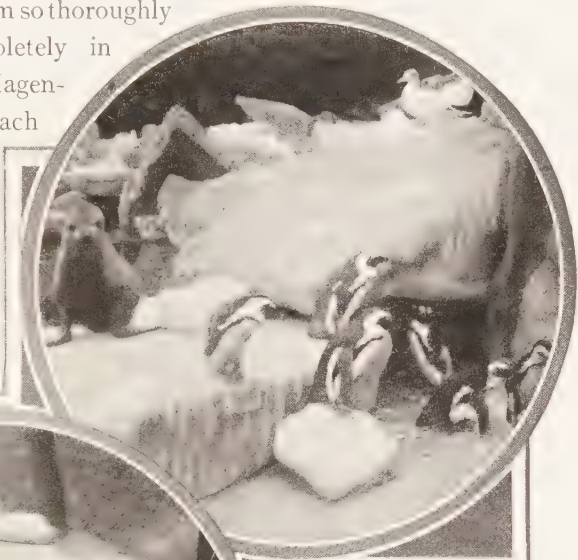
tourist. To see the most conspicuous, he has but to look up at Hamburg's spires, the tallest of them the spire of the Church of St. Nicholas, ranking as the fourth highest in all Europe — its cross four hundred and eighty-five feet above the pavement of the crowded Hopfen Markt.

Then to see the most curious of Hamburg's sights let the tourist take a trolley out to the ideal "Zoo," recently created by the master-mind of Carl Hagenbeck. No city in the world possesses so



HAGENBECK'S WONDERLAND

wonderful an exhibition of wild animals and nowhere in the world save in the wildernesses and the jungles or on the mountainslopes or the ice-floes, can we see the splendid savage creatures of the animal kingdom so thoroughly at home, so completely in the picture. In Hagenbeck's wonderland each creature finds itself placed in it's proper habitat. The lions have their lairs in the rocky ravines, the cham-



FROM THE FAR SOUTH

ois have their abrupt mountain-walls on which to practice dizzy feats of animal alpinism, the penguins and the polar bears have their white antarctic world,—that at least looks as

cold as the South Pole,—and the elephants, as they pass, guided by Ceylonese mahouts, recognize the images of the Buddha worshipped in the land from which they come. Thus all creation feels at home at Hagenbeck's, and there all created things appear to dwell together in peace in absolute freedom — apparent



IN THE HARBOR OF HAMBURG

freedom only — for while no barriers or cages are conspicuous, there do exist deep depressions and moats, dissembled hedges and fences, that prevent any tragic mingling of the lion and the lamb or the man-eater and the man.



A MODERN PIER

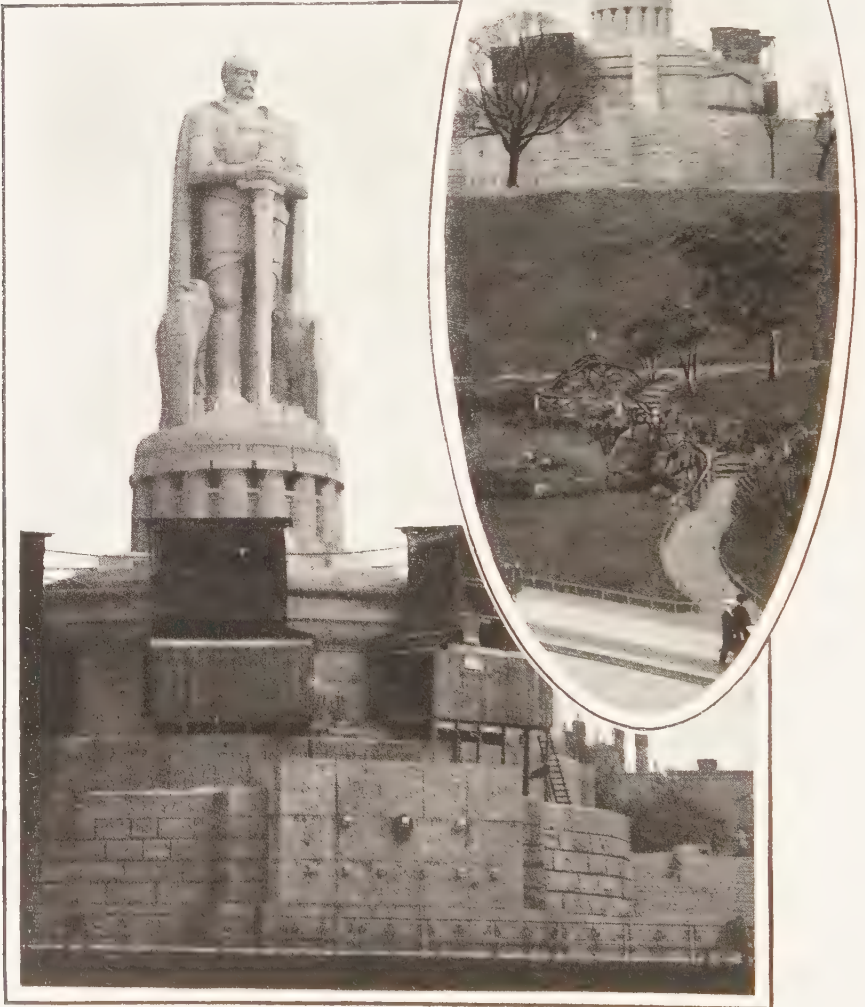
But of all the sights of Hamburg the most impressive is the new monument of Prince Bismarck. It is more impressive even than the great harbor with its teeming fleets that tell of Germany's far-reaching enterprise, for in this Bismarck monument the progress and power of the whole nation seem to stand personified.

Wherever the traveler may go in Germany, the face and form of Bismarck, chiseled in stone or cast in bronze or marble, will rise before him; but this Bismarck *Denkmal* in Hamburg—the latest and greatest of the many hundreds of monuments raised in honor of the Iron Chancellor—all the others



BISMARCK

in artistic worth and in a certain indescribable impressiveness. It looms above us like power personified. I must repeat the phrase — I cannot otherwise express that sense of power, of determination, of inevitableness, that overwhelms us as we look up at this grim colossus, this stone glorification of the greatest



THE NEW BISMARCK DENKMAL IN HAMBURG



IN THE KIEL CANAL

of great Germans. No other statesman has a more secure hold upon the gratitude and the respect of a great nation. Ask any German wheresoever you may find him, "Who is the greatest man your nation has produced?" and nine out of ten will answer with enthusiasm "Bismarck." But Germany did not produce Bismarck, *he produced Germany*. He was the J. P. Morgan of world-politics. He formed the greatest political trust of modern times. He organized the German



THE KAISER AT SEA



WILLIAM II

Empire. He was more than a king-maker. He made kaisers of kings; kingdoms and principalities and petty states he welded into a world-power of imperial proportions.

The German Empire is the newest of the great powers; its capital, Berlin, is the most modern of all the greater Continental cities. Although Berlin became the residence of the Hohenzollern family five centuries ago, it was not until

the time of Frederick the Great that it became a place of real importance. Even at the end of his long reign—that is to say at the time of our Revolution,—Berlin had a population of less than a hundred and fifty thousand. To-day there are nearly three million people living in Berlin. Of these one man stands out as the most conspicuous, pervading personality of living Germany—the Kaiser.

William the Second is everywhere, interested in all things, active in all things, *himself* in all things. He has an insatiable appetite for information: as a giver of advice he is indefatigable. We see him in pictures or in person questioning his admirals on



THE KAISER AT MANŒUVERS

the bridges of his war-ships, directing his staff officers at military manœuvres or reviewing troops on the Tempelhoferfeld. We see him as an equestrian in the Tiergarten, as a pedestrian in Unter-den-Linden or as the helmeted war-lord in the imperial car, motoring like a hurricane from Mars across the



THE KAISER AND HIS SONS

Potsdamer Platz. Berlin without the Kaiser would seem to lack one-half of its three million population.

The business center of the Kaiser's capital may be said to lie near the intersection of the Friedrich Strasse and the Leipziger



FRIEDRICH STRASSE AND LEIPZIGER STRASSE

Strasse, two of Berlin's most animated thoroughfares, but the focal point of Berlin life is where the Friedrich Strasse crosses the broader, finer, and more famous avenue called Unter-den-Linden. There the streams of pleasure and business meet and mingle. The Friedrich Strasse is a narrow, crowded canal of commerce: Unter-den-Linden is a broad, calm river of luxury and leisure. It is the nearest approach in Berlin to a Parisian Boulevard. Our picture of this famous urban cross-roads is taken from the balcony of the almost equally famous Café Bauer, taken in spite

of the protests of the waiter and without the consent of the proprietor, for on asking his permission to make pictures from the balcony on which we sat as patrons of his establishment, the crafty but short-sighted individual refused, saying that pictures taken from his balcony always showed and advertised, not so much his



FRIEDRICH STRASSE AND UNTER-DEN-LINDEN

own establishment, the Café Bauer, but rather the rival establishment, the Victoria Café across the way! To temper our disappointment — not realizing that while he “*verboted*” we were taking both the *verboten* snap-shots and the *verboten* motion pictures — he assured us that the outlook from the Victoria was much more effective, including as it did the façade of the Café Bauer. Just to spite our ungracious host, I refrain from publishing a picture of his celebrated café — which, however, will not thereby suffer



POTSDAMER PLATZ



AN ADVERTISING COLUMN

loss of custom, for no stranger can miss it — even though it fail to figure pictorially in our travelogue.

At first glance the shopping streets of Berlin might be mistaken for streets in an American city. The buildings, the shop-fronts, and show-windows offer little that is unfamiliar; and the shoppers, though not so smart in appearance as those of Fifth Avenue, would pass as New Yorkers, one



block east or west, on Fourth or Sixth. The tide of traffic rushes with as great speed but with less noise than that of our cities. The motor-bus and taxicab are much in evidence—but the horse-drawn bus with its low body and small wheels still zigzags along like an old-style horse-car off the rails. On Sundays the Berlin merchant not only shuts up shop, but even covers up his shop. Elaborate canvas curtains, sometimes artistically decorated, are stretched before the big plate-glass show-windows — on the outside of the pane; smaller curtains cover the little show-cases that are placed between the windows — and the fine mirrors that face the sidewalk and on week days afford the ladies so many opportunities to make sure that their hats are on straight are, on Sundays, swathed also in their Sabbath shrouds. The policing



PERIODICALS AND DAILIES



SUNDAY IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT

of Berlin is perfect. At every important corner are two personifications of law and order, one mounted, one on foot. They appear to do nothing but *be there* — that is quite enough to insure obedience



SABBATH SWATHING

to the well-understood traffic regulations and respect for law and order. One day, however, I witnessed an arrest: two men quarreling had proceeded from verbal insults to bloody blows. Both were livid with rage, but when the *Schutz-*



SCHUTZMANN

the uniform is irresistible. The brass button hypnotizes the plain people. The word "*verboten*" is a fetish worshiped by the commoner. A clever Frenchman has said that the Prussian lives in discipline like a fish in water.

According to the same Gallic critic, Berlin is "a city of contrasts: American, yet helmeted with steel; an ultra-modern setting, where tradition remains all powerful." Yet he feels the presence of an unseen something, fine and beautiful, and calls Berlin "The City of the Inner Dream."

mann approached they broke away and stood quietly by while he questioned the onlookers. Satisfied that the fault was all on one side, the policeman tapped the aggressor on the shoulder, called a taxicab, politely invited his prisoner to step in; the prisoner, without a word of protest, accepts the invitation, the taxi rolls away, and the crowd quietly disperses. The influence of



"Music," he says, "pleads for Berlin." In the eyes of the American, it is cleanliness that pleads most eloquently for Berlin. The art of municipal housekeeping is practiced there in perfection. Berlin is the best kempt great city in the world. Berlin is practically slumless. There are rich quarters, other quarters not so rich, but no quarter that declares itself in outward aspect



THE WERTHEIMER WARENHAUS

as a poor quarter, absolutely no quarter that advertises its misery. Poverty and misery may exist in Berlin, but it is a self-respecting poverty, a decent misery that brushes its clothes and combs its hair, just as conscientiously as the city itself polishes its house-fronts and washes its pavements. Municipal regard for the decencies of life breeds tidy homes and a tidy population, or is it that the virtues of a people naturally prone to neatness are reflected in the well-ordered aspect of their capital? At any rate, Berlin is an example and a model among cities. I have gone so far as to suggest from the platform that it would be a wise outlay of the public funds for any city in America to pay the expenses

of its Mayor and Board of Aldermen for a little sight-seeing journey to Berlin and back. One of my kindly critics in reviewing the lecture asked, "Why back?" so I do not insist upon the return of the official tourists unless they have taken honestly to heart the splendid object-lesson offered by Berlin.

As for the Berlin trolley cars, they are clean and comfortable and cheap, but like all trolley cars, likely to be crowded — but not crowded as we understand the word. A Berlin car is full when all the seats are occupied, and the legally authorized number of passengers — usually five or six — have taken the *Stehplätze*, or "standing places," on the platform. Thus the German trolley



THE ARTISTIC TROLLEY POLES



THE GRASSY TROLLEY TRACKS

car has its limitations: the American trolley car is never full. There is always room for a dozen more than the car can hold. We note also that the poles that support the electric wires need not be eyesores, that decorative standards will hold the wires just as well. We note also that all the rails are grooved rails, some are laid on special rights of way, paved, not with echoing



BUSINESS STREETS LIKE BOULEVARDS

granite blocks, but with green grass as nicely groomed as the green grass of our parks. 'T is no disparagement of Berlin to say that grass grows in her streets. Flowers and vines grow, too, in the *parterres* of the fine wide avenues along which we make our way through the newer part of town in the direction of Charlottenburg. Old Berlin was not laid out on this grandly spacious plan: but the old crowded section of the city represents but a small portion of the metropolis of to-day. The vaster part of Berlin is brand-new, and in the making of it the people have profited by



A DEPARTMENT STORE

all the lessons of the past. Space, light, and air, easy communication,

convenience, and beauty, have been regarded as more important than the question

of mere cost. "What

is it worth?" the

German asks rather

than "What

will it cost?"

Boundless as

the long per-

spectives of

these park-like

city thorough-

fares is our ad-

miration for this



MODERN BERLIN

new Berlin of to-day as we go by tram or motor car, in taxicab or auto-bus, along mile after mile of superb avenues, most of them paved with asphalt, all with good pavements, smooth and clean, all tram-car tracks with rails so carefully laid that crossing them produces no jar; nor do the cars that run along those rails jar on the ear like passing boiler factories on wheels. As



THERE IS AN ELEVATED RAILWAY IN THIS STREET!

for the elevated railway — the *Hochbahn* — of Berlin, it is almost invisible as well as practically inaudible. For example, look along the Bülow Strasse — in our illustration. There is an elevated railway in this street. There *is*. You cannot see it; you can scarcely hear the trains as they slip by, behind that screen of foliage; but the “L” is there, and if you will step to the left, between those rows of trees that border the central promenade of the Bülow Strasse, you will find yourself in a long cloister of which the columns are the steel supports of the elevated structure, which forms a sheltering roof. Above run the almost silent electric trains, below the calm and pensive citizen may sit or stroll



THE ALLÉE UNDER THE "L"

in shady comfort on hot days, or dry-shod when the weather is wet. And there beneath that Berlin "L" I sat a while and strolled a while and mused about the corner of Van Buren Street and Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Have you ever stood at that noisy corner at the awful hour of the homeward rush, waiting for *your* car, while "L" trains thundered and crashed around the curves above, and trolley cars thundered and crashed along the rails below, and drays and wagons thundered and clattered by, and automobiles zigzagged and skidded over the rough stones, sounding their siren horns? If so, you doubtless will agree with me in holding that at that infernal corner there is one "L" above and another "L" below. But



THE "L" CONCEALED BY TREES



A SUBWAY ENTRANCE

waking from this retrospective nightmare I wandered on beneath that Berlin elevated line until I reached the Nollendorf Platz. I looked up at the picturesque "L" station and at first mistook it for an elevated Palm House or Horticultural Hall. It is a curious but graceful structure, light and airy and inviting; it adorns rather than mars the pretty square; it proves that the practical need not of necessity be hideous, as it usually



"L" STATION IN THE NOLLENDORF PLATZ



THE NOLLENDORF PLATZ AND THE DECORATIVE "L" STRUCTURE

is with us. There is no express service, the line being a simple double track; the speed is not astonishing, but what is astonishing, at least to an American, is the fact that *the passengers themselves* are allowed to open and to close the doors of the cars as the train arrives at or leaves the station. Imagine leaving the doorman's strenuous duties to the passengers in the subway



THE ORIENTAL GATE OF THE "ZOO"

or on the elevated in New York! Such a course would kill off half the population the first month. Nothing makes us feel farther away from home than to see the placid Berliners letting themselves calmly in and out of their *Hochbahn* trains, and living to repeat the operation day after day. We let ourselves out at the Zoölogical Garden, which is one of the most popular resorts in Berlin—more like a concert garden or an out-of-door café than like a mere menagerie. All Berlin throngs the paths of the "Zoo" on pleasant afternoons and evenings: bands are playing, beer is flowing, flirtations—if we may so far stretch the meaning

of the word—are proceeding, and all creation, including the wild animals, appears happy and content. We, as students of styles rather than species, find the fauna less interesting than the flora on view in the garden, and by flora I mean the artificial flora, the millinery on the heads of Berlin belles.

Berlin cannot be called a stylish city; that is, what we are pleased to call style is rarely seen. There is no German "Gibson Girl" and no Teutonic "Fluffy Ruffles." There are

no amazing creatures robed like birds of paradise such as we see in Paris, and even the lady of the trim-cut tailor-made is conspicuously absent. Instead, we see fine,

wholesome types of womanhood, who waste no time on niceties of dress; they are content merely to be well clad. Their clothes are not *creations*, they are merely clothes; their hats are not "dreams" as in Paris, not "nightmares" as oftentimes in New York,—they are simply hats. The Marcel wave will never swamp Berlin.

The most artistically dressed women that we saw in Berlin were the nurse-maids, those wholesome, sturdy girls who wear



"THERE IS NO GERMAN GIBSON GIRL"





the curious old Wendish costume of their country district, a district that we are to visit later on. It is called the Spreewald; its daughters, who come up to town by scores for domestic service in the city, are called *Spreewäl-derinnen*.

If you see a girl with a picturesque cap, like a huge flaring bow, on her head and a baby-carriage in front of her, you may be sure she is one of those *Spreewäl-derinnen*.



THE SPREEWALD NURSES IN BERLIN

They are never seen without the *Tücher*, and rarely without the perambulator. Scores of them are to be seen daily in Berlin's great park, the beautiful



A PROMENADE

building sand forts or digging little Kiel Canals. The games of little Germans seem naturally to take a military turn, and when we tried to photograph them at their play, they at first insisted on falling in and standing stiffly and grimly at salute before the camera. It cost some little diplomacy to induce them to drop their military poses and "look pleasant."

Tiergarten, whither they come from the adjacent aristocratic quarters with the babies of Berlin's first families snugly bestowed in an artistic *Kinderwagen*. With them come also older *Kinder* to play in the nearest sandy *Spielplatz*, provided by a paternal administration for the joy and benefit of the lively little Prussians who there work off a lot of surplus energy,



IN THE TIERGARTEN

The Tiergarten is a park almost exactly the size of Hyde Park in London—about six hundred acres—nearly as large as Central Park, New York. Until the eighteenth century it was, as the name implies, an “animal garden,” a deer park, where the Grand Electors and the Kings of Prussia held their hunting parties. To-day the wild game has all disappeared, but you could not fire a gun in the Tiergarten without hitting a marble statue. The woods are full of them. At night we see them gleaming in the



LITTLE “SPIELERS”



IN A “SPIELPLATZ”

wood like listening ghosts, whiter than the moonbeams that fall upon them. On either side of the long Sieges Allée, or Avenue of Victory, rise the marble effigies of Prussia's rulers, thirty-two of them, each on a pedestal, behind each one a marble hemicycle, set against a background of deep green. All this magnificent array of marble royalty is the gift of William II, paid for by the Kaiser from his private purse. He honors thus his predecessors and ancestors from the first Margrave, Albert the Bear, who ruled the little Mark of Brandenburg about seven hundred and fifty years ago, down to William I, who bequeathed to his successors the new-formed empire, which under William II has become a great world-power. We may read the history of Prussia's rise in the faces of her rulers as we pass them in review. In the fifth hemicycle from that of Albert are the Margraves, John and Otho, who ruled jointly during the middle years of the thirteenth century; behind them busts of the Magistrate Marsilius and Simeon, the



THE SIEGES ALLÉE



THE MARGRAVES, JOHN AND OTHO

Provost of Berlin, two of the great men of that double reign. Directly opposite stands the hemicycle of Frederick the Great, the Prussian King whose reign stands in the fifth place from the modern end of this long line of rulers. Behind the almost puny form of Frederick the Great are busts of two great contemporaries of that brilliant monarch,—one is Sebastian Bach, father of modern music, the other is Schwerin, field-marshal of Frederick in his victorious campaigns. After Frederick the Great there were only four Prussian Kings; the last one, William the Great, became the first Emperor of the new German Empire. His monument is so placed that the first German Kaiser faces the first medieval Margrave of little Brandenburg, while stretching away down the great Sieges Allée are thirty more white statues of the thirty Margraves, Electors, and Kings whose reigns intervened between those of Albert the Bear, who died in 1170, and William the Great, who died in 1888. A striking vista of this grandiose memorial avenue may be enjoyed from the top of the Sieges Säule. This "Victory Column" is two hundred feet in height, built of dark stone and granite and encircled by three rings of captured cannon,



SIEGES SÄULE



most of which were taken from the French. Above, a gilded figure, forty-eight feet high, representing Borussia, or Prussia, upholds a laurel wreath, as if about to crown the victorious German monarchs and their great military leaders, whose statues are ranged along the Sieges Allée or in the circular platz below—around the Sieges Säule. This Königs Platz is no pleasant place for Frenchmen. Everything here

recalls the bitter days of 1870 and 1871. In one direction the long line of more or less petty monarchs of the once small, poor Prussian state. In another direction the rich Reichstags-Gebäude, the Imperial Diet of the mighty modern empire, a building paid for with a part of the enormous war indemnity — five billions of francs — ex- acted by a



FREDERICK THE GREAT

victorious Germany from a crushed and bleeding France. The structure cost about five and a half million dollars. The interior is superbly decorated. The most important feature is the Hall of the Diet, where sit the three hundred and



WILLIAM THE GREAT



THE AVENUE OF VICTORY

ninety-seven members of the Reichstag. There is a small hall used by the fifty members of the Bundesrat or Federal Council when they assemble during the sessions of the larger body: at other times the Council meets at the Imperial Home Office in the Wilhelm Strasse. In one of the corridors we see, spelled out in gilded letters, each letter supported by a sculptured figure, a motto that should have a place in the legislative palaces of every land—"Erst das Vaterland, dann die Partie," "First the Fatherland, then the Party." Perhaps the most significant thing that strikes the thoughtful observer is the fact that it is here in this costly and magnificent hall of the imperial parliament that the socialists—call them Social Democrats if you prefer—have made their party a *recognized* party, a party that plays an important rôle in the politics of the nation.

It is an amazing Empire, theoretically be one of the most the world along lines been called a few legislation"; witness system, and the laws ory insurance of labor-sickness, disability, or all these laws which stand as the only beg-the world were initia-and powerful labor Emperor William I, the Reichstag in No-"Those who are dis-of old age or infirmity claim to a more ample the State than they To devise the fittest

fact that the German an autocracy, should advanced nations in of what would have years ago "socialistic the old age pension establishing compul-sers in case of accident, superannuation. Yet enable the Empire to garless great nation in ted, not by the new party, but by the old who in his message to vember, 1881, said: abled in consequence possess a well-founded relief on the part of have hitherto enjoyed. ways and means for



THE COLUMN OF VICTORY

making such provisions, however difficult, is one of the highest obligations of every community based on the moral foundations of Christianity. A more intimate connection with the actual capabilities of the people and a mode of turning these to account in corporate associations will, under the patronage and with the aid of the



THE REICHSTAG

State, we trust, develop a scheme to solve which the State alone would prove unequal."

The invalid and old age pension law was put in practice in 1891. Premiums for accident insurance are paid entirely by the employer. In case of disability the man receives two thirds of his regular wages; in case of death the family receives fifteen per cent of his annual pay in a lump sum, and annual payments equaling sixty per cent of his earning capacity when he died. Premiums for insurance against sickness are paid, one third by the employer, two thirds by the employee. In case of sickness the man receives half pay and medical attendance. Insurance against old age is

obligatory for all wage-workers who are over the age of sixteen and earning less than five hundred dollars a year. Contributions corresponding to premium payments and ranging from three to nine cents are turned in weekly by the workers in the form of stamps, like postage stamps, which they purchase at a local office



BISMARCK

or which are purchased for them and charged against their wages by the employer. The pensions, granted to all who pass the age of seventy-one years, range from about thirty to sixty dollars a year, including the imperial subsidy of about twelve dollars, the gift of the Empire. It would require too much space to go further into detail. It is enough to say that this seemingly Utopian scheme is working out successfully. Enormous sums are paid out daily, enormous sums lie in reserve, employers make their profit, and Germany has no pauper problem.

In front of the Reichstags-Gebäude stands a bronze figure of the Imperial Chancellor, of heroic proportions, a Bismarck



ROON

a sphinx and gazing at a bronze document: this last composition may be intended to suggest the secret knowledge, the unspoken wisdom, that lay behind the statecraft of the great warrior-statesman on the pedestal above. But resuming our survey of the war-time reminders in the Königs Platz we glance at the commanding figure of Field-Marshal

twenty feet tall, with one hand gripping a sword, the other resting upon the charter of the foundation of the Empire. Below, around the pedestal, are placed other colossal figures. In front, Atlas with the weight of the world upon him; behind, Siegfried forging the Sword of Empire; on the right an heroic female figure—a personification of Constitutional Power crushing Revolt in the shape of a huge panther; to the left another imposing woman in bronze resting upon



VON MOLTKE

Count Roon, who was War Minister in 1870. Then on the western side of the Königs Platz, facing the bronze Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, we see the cold, calm, marble form of Von Moltke, the apparently bloodless, silent doer of the deeds that gave life and reality to the great aspirations and the imperious demands of his bigger but not greater partner in the affairs of '70 and '71. It may almost be said that the German Empire was made by these two men, Bismarck and Von Moltke; yet they toiled merely as faithful servants of their master, obedient subjects of their beloved king, William of Prussia, upon whose royal head they placed a new imperial crown. He sleeps, their king and emperor, the third man of that mighty trio, in the marble mausoleum at Charlottenburg not very far away. There in that Hall of Peace and Silence, in the golden glow that falls from amber windows, the Great Emperor, grandfather of the Kaiser of to-day, has slept since 1888; on his right hand lies his Empress Augusta. Beyond, side by side, repose the forms of Frederick William III and Queen Louise, his beautiful consort, the royal pair who reigned in Prussia during what the Germans call "the unfortunate

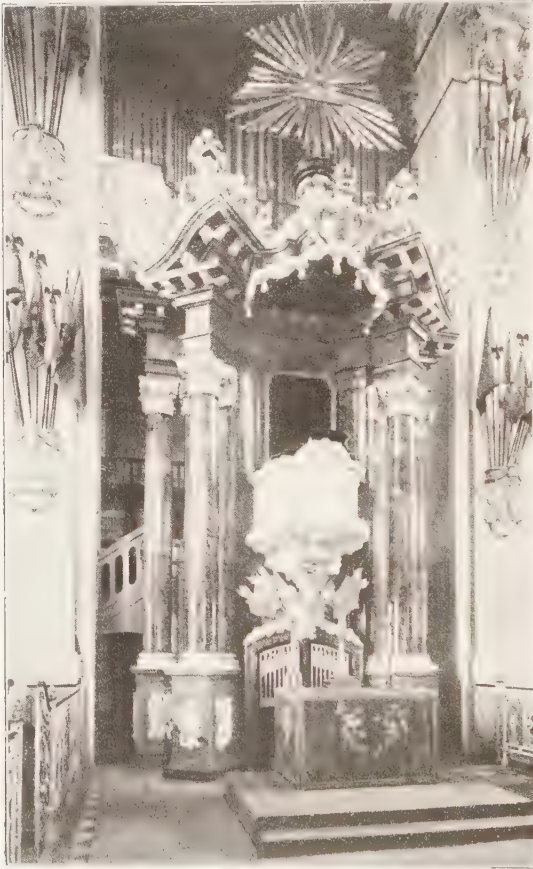


IN THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG

war." Frederick William III saw his nation beaten by the French, his city and his palaces in the possession of Napoleon; but he saw also the downfall of the Man of Destiny, and his son, who now lies here in the same mausoleum, not only saw, but helped to precipitate the downfall of the third Napoleon, and amid the wreck of French ambitions saw the glory of a new Germany arise; he even saw himself proclaimed Emperor in the palace of the French Kings at Versailles. If dead kings hold converse in their tombs, what a satisfying tale could the son unfold to the father there in the mortuary temple at

Charlottenburg.

Another royal sepulcher to which the traveler must make respectful pilgrimage is in the old Garrison Church of Potsdam, for there lies Frederick the Great. Even Napoleon himself paused in the tumult of a victorious campaign and like a tourist came to gaze upon the simple coffin of Prussia's most illustrious and most eccentric monarch — the king who first made Prussia great, the man



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

who was both the devoted friend and the jealous enemy of the famous Frenchman, François Marie Arouet. The *nom de plume* of that famous Frenchman is more familiar to us than his rightful name, for François Marie Arouet was none other than Voltaire. Frederick was a great admirer of the French; he loved

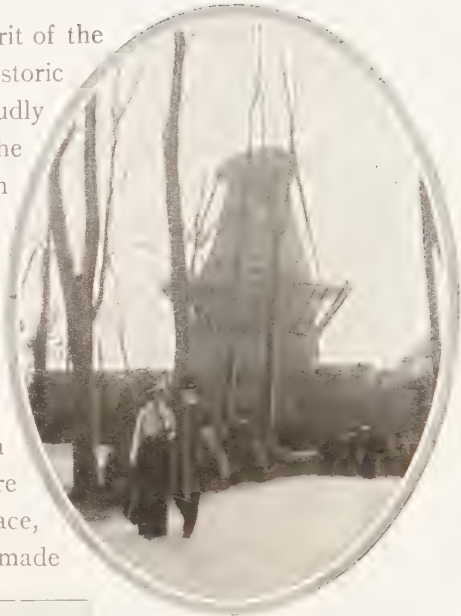


SANS SOUCI

their art, their mode of dress, and he professed to share their philosophic views. Voltaire came to Potsdam as the guest of Prussia's King, and for a time the two great little men enjoyed a feast of reason and a flow of soul in the small plaything of a palace called Sans Souci which was Frederick's favorite abode. But the palace was not big enough to hold two such big egos at one time. The King could not forget he was a king, and the Philosopher could not make his philosophy attain the end of all philosophy, which is to put an end to strife and pain, to bring true peace on earth, to cultivate good-will in the hearts of men. The monarch

who could brook the independent spirit of the miller who refused to sell him the historic Potsdam mill, which still stands proudly at the royal gates, could not brook the independent spirit of his great French guest, and so Voltaire packed up his books and papers and practically fled from Sans Souci, where he had lived for three years as the much loved and admired friend of Prussia's autocrat.

Potsdam is to Berlin what Versailles was to Paris in the days when there were kings in France; but where the glory of Versailles lies in its palace, its Trianons, and its artificial man-made



POTSDAM FROM THE RIVER

THE HISTORIC WINDMILL gardens, Potsdam owes more to Nature than to man. The site—an island in the widespread River Havel—is one of great beauty; the park of Sans Souci and its little bijou palace are exquisite, but the other palaces are far from beautiful and the buildings of the town itself are of commonplace provin-

cial aspect save for the fine church of St. Nicholas, the dome of which looms grandly above all the rest. Viewed from an approaching steamer, Potsdam looks like a great park or garden dominated by that soaring dome; yet Potsdam is a city of more



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS IN POTSDAM

than sixty thousand inhabitants with a garrison of seven thousand troops. The city has been called "the cradle of the Prussian army," and among the famous royal nurses who rocked that cradle and tended the robust militant babe—that has now become the biggest, strongest boy among the armies of the world—were Frederick William I and his son, Frederick the Great. The former always tried out his ideas of drill and discipline upon his pet corps, those gigantic Grenadiers of glorious memory. Then he would summon to Potsdam the comparatively



HIGH ABOVE THE HAVEL

small officers and men of other regiments and himself instruct them how to become as good if not as big soldiers as their colossal models, the Royal Grenadiers. To this day the most perfect and picturesque military spectacle in Germany is the annual review of the garrison of Potsdam held in the Paradeplatz of the Town Palace within a few days of the greater

but really less effective review of the Berlin garrison on the broad *Tempelhoerfeld*, which lies on the southern outskirts of the capital.

The traveler should not fail to prolong his river voyage up the Havel to the little town of Werder above which rise the famous hills which every year in April become the rendezvous of Berliners who love beauty —



AT WERDER



GEMÜTLICHES BEISAMMEN SEIN!

and do not disdain beer. April is the season of the *Baumblüte*, the annual springtime flowering of the fruit trees on the slopes of Werder's hills. The spectacle is one that rivals the cherry-blossom festivals of old Japan; the massing of pale pinkish blossoms is magnificent, but we miss the picturesque details that make the Oriental



GARTEN KELLNER

flower fêtes so quaintly attractive. Instead of the dainty tea-house garden of Japan, the crude beer garden common to all Teutonic lands—instead of the smiling little *nesan* of that eastern Fairyland, the scowling, bulky *Kellner* of this western Fatherland. But there are always compensations; German beer is better than



A BERLIN MOTOR-BUS

the beer brewed in Japan, and the German crowds that sit and sip that beer and gaze at the *Baumblüte* seem just as much in love with Nature as the kimono-clad crowds that squat beneath the cherry trees of Tokyo. In fact, the love of Nature is not monopolized by any race; nor is the love of country. Every land is an "Old Sod," a "Fatherland," a "Patrie," or a "God's Country" in the eyes of those whose fathers came from it, whose hearts remain in it. Apropos of that yearning for and pride in the land

from whence their fathers came, a letter — anonymous and if not honest at least amusing — that reached me a few years ago, before I had travelogued on any German subject, seems worth re-reading here. It runs as follows, word

for word just as traced by a methodical but apparently untrained hand upon three ragged sheets of very common paper:

Saint Louis, Mo.,

Feb. 15th '07.

Dear Mr. Holmes,

Me and my wife we have enjoyed your speeches and more yet your pictures of the old countrys. We have gon every time thar was lecturing and we hav even went to your Irish one some years back. You see my wife she is a irisher. Every time

we think it is now about time for Mr. Holmes to come around wit his leckturs we look in the paper for the advertisemen of it and every time it makes me madder than ever because I do not see nothing in it about some pictures of the faderland (you see I am no irisher or no Norwayer) because she, my Mamie she tells our boy and our little girl well I gess there is nodding to see in germany else why dont he show some picturs of it. Dat makes me madder then more offit because I meinself was wonce on the Rhine and in Hamburg and Berlin and also in Kopniz so natural I know what is it in germany. We have a fine faderland.

So I write you if you have never been in germany, what?



A BERLIN TAXICAB



SCHLAFEN SIE WOHL!

Lot of the people what go to your speeches is most germans or anyway they is germans by consent, and it would make them pleased if they can show ther boys and others what nice things there is where they was boys and girls together when they was yunger. Cant you show something onct of germany without mountains. Please Mr. Homes and oblige most respectfully one who was onct a german. A Friend.

The suburbs of Berlin are as admirably laid out as the city itself. Marvelous developments are now in progress and all the



A LAKE IN THE GRUNEWALD

beautiful forest region between the city and Potsdam will in time be transformed into a villa-city with perfect roadways traversing it in all directions, making all parts of the forest habitable and accessible without robbing it of its sylvan charm. The Germans must be descendants of the old forest tribes,—even the city-dwellers are tree lovers; all who can afford it have gardens with as many trees in them as possible; those who cannot afford a real garden devise a little imitation garden on a balcony or in one of the loggias so frequently found in the façades of the newer apartment

buildings. But the ambition of every Berliner is to have a home in one of those green suburban forests, where he can enjoy not only his own trees but all the trees of his tree-loving neighbors.

This "return to the forest" was started by the men who founded what is called the Villa Colony of the Grunewald in 1889. It is



A GRUNEWALD VILLA

now one of the most attractive residential suburbs in the world, for with all the building of villas and laying out of streets and boulevards, they have kept always in view the preservation of the Grunewald itself, the ever "Green Wood" of coniferous trees. Thus hundreds, in fact thousands, of tired citizens of Berlin literally take to the woods after business hours: and on Sundays and holiday, thousands — nay, hundreds of thousands — of city-dwellers take to the taller timber of the farther reaches of the forest to spend their hours of leisure in the lap of Nature, breathing the perfume



A SPREEWALD COTTAGE

of the pines. But of all the holiday refuges for the people of Berlin there is one that is of unique charm, a rural region absolutely unlike any other in the world, easily accessible and at the same time, strange to say, practically unknown to the foreigner and rarely visited save by the Germans themselves, who know it well and love it well, but do not advertise its charm, lest it be invaded by the tourist army and ravaged by the regiments of globe-trotters that annually sweep over Germany, foraging for the picturesque and leaving in their wake the unwelcome aftermath of larger prices and heavier tips, smaller portions and lighter draughts of drinkables. This exquisite country district is called the Spreewald — the “Forest of the Spree” — please pronounce it “Spray” for the Spree is a beautiful river, not a jamboree. It rises in Saxony, flows toward and through the city of Berlin, then joins the Havel which in turn joins the Elbe, which, as we have seen,

passes through Hamburg and loses itself in the North Sea. The upper reaches of the River Spree, some sixty miles or more above Berlin, lie in a pretty *Wald* or wooded region, hence the name Spreewald. In this region dwells a small population differing in dress, in language, and in customs from the ordinary German population that surrounds this little Fatherland within a Fatherland. The dwellers in these pretty Spreewald cottages are not of Teutonic, they are of Slavic descent; they are generally called Wends or Wendish people. Another name for them is Sorbs or Sorbians. The encyclopedia tells us that they are natives of a country called Lusatia, and that Lusatia, after many political vicissitudes, after having belonged to Bohemia, and to Austria and even to Hungary, has at last been partitioned between Saxony and Prussia. The Spreewald is the last non-Germanized stronghold of the Wendish folk, who cling to all their old-time ways and



IN A WENDISH GARDEN



HOME, SWEET HOME

customs. Their cottages are quainter and more picturesque than those of their German neighbors, and their costumes, those of the women

at least, are without exception the quaintest and most picturesque that can be found in any part of

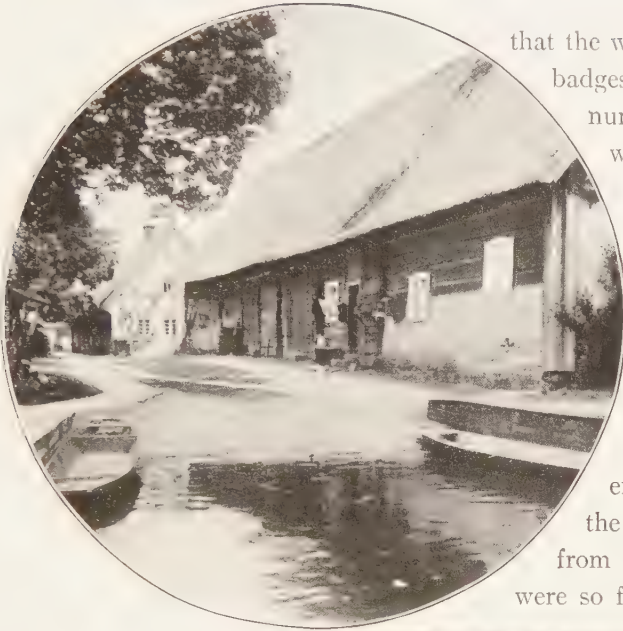
Germany to-day. We

have already noted the peculiar Wendish head-dress worn by the *Spreewälderinnen*, who serve as nurse-

maids in Berlin. We find on reaching the Spreewald villages



THE TWO EXCEPTIONS



that the wide *Tücher* are not badges of service—not nurses' caps; they are worn as a kind of national head-dress by all Wendish women. As a rule the faces framed by the flaring bows are not particularly pretty, but the two exceptions that prove the rule smile at you from these pages. We were so fortunate as to drop

IN A WENDISH VENICE

in at the out-of-door studio of the village photographer just in time to see these two particularly charming damsels posing for their pictures. With their consent and that of our professional confrere we clicked our hand-cameras several times while he was getting ready to make a long time-exposure with his cumbrous old-style outfit. Possibly



ONE WENDISH SMILE

the dresses and the *Tücher* are a little more elaborate than would be worn every day; but the frank honest faces, the strong bare arms, and the happy dispositions pictured here are characteristic of the younger women in this forest region of the upper Spree: even the older women, the mothers of the Wendish tribe, seem to



COMING TO CHURCH

preserve the same attractive physical wholesomeness and the same kindly attitude of soul.

A little settlement called Burg is the heart of this little remnant of Lusatia. On Sundays the entire population of the surrounding Wendish world assembles in the church of Burg to worship in the Wendish way and listen to the word of God spoken by Wendish ministers in Wend-

ish words. As soon as the sun is up the congregation begins to arrive. Some worshippers come in boats, some in wagons, but most of them come tramping into town on foot. Many a careful dame we saw trudging along, barefoot, with her Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes in one hand and her prayer-book in the other; and all of those barefooted worshippers paused on the outskirts of the town beside the calm canal and washed their feet, put on their stockings and shoes, and then, neatly shod, walked

solemnly up the main street to the church. By ones and twos and threes and fours and fives they come, all clad in short full skirts of black, with full wide *Tücher* of white linen folded in curious fashion on the head. This gives them all the look of nuns. In fact, the color of the costume has a certain religious significance; or rather, this severe costume all in black and white is that prescribed by custom for church-going on Whitsunday and the Sunday after. We are assured that on other Sundays the same women will be more variously dressed, with colored skirts and some with colored *Tücher*, wider and gayer and more picturesque. So we came back another Sunday and found the costumes far less somber, although the nunlike make-ups were still in the majority. For two good hours the good people then shut themselves up in their little church to listen to a sermon long enough to last them all the week — until they come again to



THE CHURCH AT BURG



KIRCHGANG

Burg, just as their ancestors have been coming Sunday after Sunday these many years. It is so strange to come upon these

changeless corners of our changing world, these places where life is lived by the present generation very nearly as it was by the generations of a remote, uneventful, still-persisting past.

The male inhabitants of this little land of other days are just beginning to adopt the cheap and ill-fitting city-made coats and trousers of to-day, but the women are content to follow,



COMING FROM CHURCH

or rather to be held by the immobile fashions that are the same for yesterday as for to-day; and let us pray in the name of all that 's quaint and picturesque that no reefs be taken in the *Tücher* of to-morrow, no fullness from the Wendish skirt, no character eliminated from the costume of these good pious dames, who, to my mind, are the best-dressed women in all Germany, because they ignore the horrors devised by modern milliners and the absurdities and extravagances of the changing modern modes, which by the time they have been Germanized have lost all of the *chic* that saved them from revealing their absurdity in Paris or New York. The city people who come out on Sunday to see the *Kirchgang* here at Burg appear most undistinguished when compared with the native church-goers in their immemorial dress, one costume so like another as to seem almost a uniform.



GOING HOME



SPREEWALD REFLECTIONS



A SPREEWALD AVENUE

shallow, silvery streams is spread out over a low-lying land of meadows, woods, and marshes, from one to four miles wide and about thirty-five miles long. The aggregate length of the labyrinthine channels has not been computed but it must be enormous. To traverse all the waterways

After church a hasty snack of luncheon at the crowded inn and then away to the most delightful experience of all, the slow meandering cruise along the waterways of the Spreewald. We glide from noon till dark along the swift and sweet canals of an exquisite rural Venice. The Spree is here divided into no fewer than two hundred branches. This network of

ONE OF THE TWO HUNDRED
BRANCHES OF THE SPREE



"WIR SITZEN SO FRÖHLICH BEISAMMEN
UND HABEN EINANDER SO LIEB"

would be the work of weeks. There are, however, one or two cruises recognized as offering the highest combination of all the Spreewald charms, and no traveler should fail to make at least one of those little voyages through the woods by water. The craft employed is called a *Kahn*, a flat-bottomed, scow-like little boat, propelled like a punt by a sturdy boatman who in the language of the profession is known as the *Fährmann*. He gets five marks (a dollar and a quarter) for a whole



THE GERMAN BAND AFLOAT

day's punting, or seventy-five cents for the fifteen-mile voyage that we begin at noon.

He plys his pole gently, the current helps a little, and on we glide silently — seemingly without effort — hour after hour between long rows of graceful trees, under frail dainty foot-bridges, past haystacks, farmers' homes, and pretty little hamlets, every turn of the canal offering the eye a dainty treat, every moment of the voyage a moment long to be remembered. At intervals we pass through Venice-like villages with un-Venetian names — Lehde and Leipe and Eiche and Kannomühle. These villages are much alike, yet there is no monotony.

At every "street intersection" in Spreewald there is a guide-post to direct us on our way, to tell us just how far it is by water to Lübben or to Lübbenau, to point the way to the most neighbor-



AT THE INN



TOSSING BOUQUETS

ing port where beer and *Butterbrod* and the famous *Hecht* — a delicious river fish — are to be had. Nowhere else, I think, in all the world, are there street-signs and guide-posts at the corners of thoroughfares that are streams, and avenues that are branches of a living river. But what exquisite avenues they are — beautiful boulevards, sweeping grandly through the woods, thoroughfares with smooth and noiseless pavements,



A GUIDE-POST AT A WATERY CROSSROADS



ICH UND MUTTER

streets where no mud lies and no dust flies, streets which become in winter glistening thoroughfares of ice along which the peasants skate from town to town or farm to farm. There are several hundred miles of those fluid streets along which the traveler may glide with the delightful sense of discovering a new earthly paradise, a verdurous Venice with the added charm of a clean and honest population that is at the same time immensely picturesque. Along the way, waiting in native boats moored to the bank, the pretty children stand, ready to toss bouquets of wild flowers into the laps of those who pass. Of course they look for something in return, but the merest trifle pleases, and if you have no change they will smile and stammer "*Danke bestens*" just the same. We met with but one hostile greeting; we were loudly hissed by certain members of a group assembled on the bank to watch the boats go by—but all the members of that group were geese!

To those who ask what all this



BOYS OF BURG

has to do with the city of Berlin I reply that a city's life is not always lived *in* the city; it is lived wherever the people of that city go for recreation. Therefore the Spreewald is as much a part of Berlin as the Brandenburg Gate itself, to which we now return.

The Brandenburg Gate which rises at the western end of Unter-den-Linden is a sandstone imitation of the marble Propy-



THE BRANDENBURG GATE

æa, through which the traveler passes to reach the Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens. The magnificent Quadriga of Victory, cast in copper, that crowns the noble portal, made a trip to Paris and return about a hundred years ago: Napoleon figuratively drove those four chargers from the banks of the Spree to the banks of the Seine in 1807, intending to place them as symbols of victory upon his arch of triumph in the Place du Carrousel in Paris, but in 1814 the Germans led them back to Berlin, where they now look down on the Pariser Platz and along the "Linden Avenue" from the top of the Brandenburg Gate. Of the five passageways through



THE CHARIOT THAT WENT TO PARIS — AND CAME BACK

pen; probably the guard would turn out and salute any one who had the assurance to choose the Kaiser's passageway in coming from the Tiergarten into the Pariser Platz. Appropriately enough the palatial French Embassy is in this *Berlinese Place de Paris* that lies between the gate and the beginning of Unterden-Linden. The

the gate, one is reserved exclusively for royal or imperial personages. It is of course the middle one, and though it is not closed by any gate or bar, no German dreams of trying to pass through; but the mischief-loving American is always tempted to try that forbidden way, just to see what would hap-



TOWARD THE TIERGARTEN

palatial British Embassy is in the neighboring Wilhelm Strasse. Other palatial embassy buildings are to be seen in Berlin — each one an object of pride, respectively, in the eyes of traveling Frenchmen, Englishmen, Austrians, Russians, Italians, or Spaniards or subjects of the minor European kingdoms. Even the smaller states



WILHELM STRASSE

of the German Empire — which send their representatives, not to the Imperial Court, but to the Royal Court of Prussia — provide handsome residences for their envoys. And what of the United States, the most extravagant if not the richest of great nations — how does the United States house its Envoy Extraordinary and Ambassador Plenipotentiary? He is not housed at all by the government that sends him hither! He is provided with offices upstairs in an old-fashioned four-story building in Unter-den-Linden. The rent for this dingy suite, to which the

American visitor must climb up a long flight of stairs, is paid by our government; but if the American ambassador desires to emulate the ambassadors of other great nations, or even the ministers of petty states, and entertain socially in a properly appointed house, he is perfectly at liberty to take such a house and do the honors in the name of the United States, *at his own expense*. Fortunately it has so happened of late that the men sent by our government to represent us at the Kaiser's court have been men of great wealth, amply able and willing to bear the cost of "saving the face" of Uncle Sam. The United States should own

in every foreign capital an embassy or a legation building befitting the dignity of the nation. As a business investment the ownership of centrally located real estate should appeal to our practical legislators, and even if it did not pay in cash it would pay enormous dividends in American prestige abroad, and spare the traveling American many a humiliating comparison.

There has been some question of purchasing the fine mansion in Berlin which at the time of our visit was occupied by the American ambassador but which could not be called the American Embassy save by courtesy — for the enormous rent was paid by the ambassador himself out of his private purse. Let us hope that the penuriousness of our stay-at-home law-makers may not continue



THE AMERICAN EMBASSY — OFFICIAL
— IS UPSTAIRS — RENT PAID BY
THE UNITED STATES

much longer to make the maintenance of adequate diplomatic establishments for the American envoys what it is to-day in nearly all the capitals of Europe — a matter of private charity. A little more regard for the social exigencies of the “effete old world” — as we are pleased to call it — would not be undemocratic; we might even excuse ourselves for such a weakness by calling it merely a form of diplomatic “bluff”; at any rate we should never feel the cost, and its effect in Europe would redound greatly to our credit and make impossible the oft-recurring situation, so ridiculous in the eyes of the world, of a great nation — the one whose people spend the most in Europe — being represented at Court by a homeless ambassador, maintaining our diplomatic dignity in a stuffy rented office, able to extend the social courtesies that are a part of his ambassadorial duties, only in the drawing-room of a hotel or in a hired hall. England, for example, provides a palace for her representatives, and in addition to their salaries allows a generous



THE AMERICAN EMBASSY — BY COURTESY — RENT PAID BY THE AMBASSADOR
FROM HIS PRIVATE PURSE

sum annually to defray the cost of the elaborate balls and dinners that are expected — in fact tacitly demanded — of an ambassador or minister. Some day, no doubt, these words of mine may be read with astonishment, if they are read at all in the future, when the United States shall have had time to attend to what, after all, are the merest details of national policy, for when we



WHERE BISMARCK LIVED

do awake to any need, that need is met and more than met. So, looking beyond the neglectful present, we see in the European capitals of the not distant future a series of diplomatic palaces, simple yet superb, and when the traveler will ask "What is that noble structure, so beautiful, so practical?" the reply will be "That is the Embassy of the United States of America, one of the finest buildings in our city."

Meantime we are strolling under the *Linden* down the finest and most famous avenue toward the finest and most famous

buildings of the city that is both the Prussian capital and the *deutsche Kaiserstadt* — metropolis of the German-speaking world.

But all the trees that border the long park-like promenade that lies between the driveways



of Unter-den-
Linden, or lime trees,

UNTER-DEN-LINDEN

Linden are not
for interspersed with

those world-famous *Linden* are hundreds of *Kastanien*, or chestnut trees. Very splendid is the long perspective of the promenade which stretches straight from the Brandenburg Gate and the Pariser Platz to the monument of Frederick the Great and the Platz-am-Opernhaus, two thirds of a mile distant. The traveler with



THE MIDDLE OF BERLIN'S CHIEF THROUGHFARE

money in his purse, money he can afford to spend, may safely visit the shops that present attractive fronts to right and left, but he who must avoid the temptations of show-windows may do so easily by "keeping in the middle of the road" between the double lines of lime and chestnut trees, where he may saunter in security along that featureless, monotonous, but at the same time attractive, gravel path, which though it bisects the busy center of Berlin, seems like a peaceful country lane. But the illusion of rurality vanishes suddenly as we reach the end of Unter-den-Linden and see before us the broad open square of the Opera House, flanked by its palaces and monuments. Among the latter, unquestionably the finest, is that of Frederick the Great, a superb work in bronze by Rauch, erected in 1851. The figure of the King on horseback is lifelike in its



FREDERICK THE GREAT

simple dignity. Around the pedestal are smaller figures representing a host of famous personages, — great generals, statesmen, thinkers, scientists, musicians, poets, dreamers, and doers — each one of whom added some share of glory or distinction to the reign of "*der alte Fritz*," as Frederick was lovingly called by his soldiers.

Great Frederick reigned for forty-six years, from 1740 to 1786. He



AN OPERA HOUSE SURROUNDED
BY PALACES

was a warrior, musician, poet, and philosopher. He fought with Austria and Russia—in the main successfully, although his city was twice occupied by foreign troops. Later he joined Austria and Russia in the partition of poor Poland, a part of which dismembered land has ever since belonged to Prussia. He was a patron of the arts. He caused the Royal Opera House to be erected more than a hundred and seventy years ago. It stands to-day, the most venerable grand opera house of the entire world. So marvelously far ahead of its time was it in the beginning, that to-day, with all the undreamed-of developments in stagecraft and stage illusion, this opera house designed by Knobelsdorf in

1741 still serves for the adequate presentation of the greater operas in one of the most critical of Continental capitals. The only marring modern touch was applied three years ago, just after the Iroquois disaster in Chicago. Fire escapes, as practical and ample as they are unsightly, were hung like balconies, and broad



THE BERLIN OPERA

out-of-door stairways at four corners of this old-time edifice. Behind the Opera stands another edifice of Frederick's time, the domed church of St. Hedwig, an imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. Fronting upon the same square is the palace, or more properly the home, for it is a home-like palace, of the late Emperor William the Great, grandfather of the Great William of to-day. There at the corner is what the Berliners fondly call the "Historic Window," the window out of which old Emperor William used

to look every day to see the guard go by, to take the salute, to salute the flag, and graciously respond to the sincere applause of his enthusiastic, loyal subjects. Since the old Kaiser's death in 1888 the palace has been open to his people, and every day scores of respectful visitors crowd silently into the modest corner room which was in life his favorite apartment. Everything in that room has been preserved just as it was left by the imperial departed. Among other things we see the bust of his imperial consort, the Empress Augusta, who survived him only by two years: the bust of Frederick the Great, whose statue he could look at from the window; portraits of his children and his friends, and scores of those little things that even great men learn to love, — the little things that in time come to play a big part in their daily lives. The window commands a view of the Royal Guard House, headquarters of the *Königs-Wache*, where the "King's Watch"



FIRE-ESCAPES

watches still before the empty palaces of two dead Emperors, for the palace of the short-lived Emperor Frederick also faces this solidest of sentry boxes, which is built in the form of a classic Roman gate. Guard-mounting takes place daily there at a quarter before one. The guard is never late, and nothing ever keeps the crowd away. Rain or shine, snow or blow,



promptly at 12:44 a big band wakes the echoes of the Palace of the Emperor, William I Opera Square, and, passing the palace of the vanished Emperor, the soldiers march with sturdy tread into the railed inclosure at the *Königs-Wache*, there to go through the brief and snappy ceremony of relieving guard — always in the presence of a respectful, interested throng of spectators.

To the left of the Royal Guard House are the buildings of the University, and to the right the beautiful building called the *Zeughaus* with its very pleasing façade, one of the finest architectural features of Berlin. The *Zeughaus*, or Arsenal, now contains the Military Museum and Hall of Fame of the Prussian Army,



THE KING'S WATCH

where we may study past
campaigns in plans and maps
and models, in uniforms and kits and
camps, and in portraits of the generals and lay-figures of the
men who fought for Prussia and laid the foundations of her
military fame. Everywhere in Berlin we find a tendency to



THE KÖNIGS-WACHE

glorify the war god Mars. The profession of arms is still regarded by the majority of Prussians as the most honorable and glorious of all professions. Berlin's streets are always alive with the officers and soldiers of the present; her parks and squares and



THE ARSENAL.

gardens are adorned with bronze and marble effigies of the men who led the soldiers of the past.

One of the most amusing sights in Berlin is the performance by a passing regiment or squad of what we incorrectly denominate the Goose Step, for "goose step" is properly defined as marking time without making progress. The Germans call it *Parademarsch*. It is the saluting step of the German army, a peculiar stride adopted when passing in review before an officer of high rank. The foot is flung as far forward and as high as possible, with a vigorous kick-like movement, and then slapped to the pavement with a spasmodic and yet rhythmic spitefulness. While legs and

feet are making fools of themselves, the body from the hips up must maintain an impassive dignity out of all harmony with the acrobatic activity of the nether limbs. The contrast between the comedy legs and the tragedy torso is to us excruciatingly funny.



THE UNIVERSITY

To reach the Kaiser's palace we must cross the Schloss Brücke, a handsome bridge adorned with works of sculpture that illustrate the life of a warrior. They show us a winged Victory teaching a child the history of heroes; Minerva showing a youth how to employ his weapons; Iris conducting a fallen fighter to Olympus; and similar inspiring incidents to fire the imagination of a military people. Beyond rises the newest of Berlin's great buildings, the Lutheran Cathedral which was begun in 1894. It cost two and a half millions of dollars and is the most conspicuous edifice in town. Artistically it cannot rank with old masterpieces like the Cathedral of Cologne, but it is still a noble structure, worthy of

its place in the heart and center of Imperial Berlin. The Royal Palace rises on the right, the beautiful *Lustgarten* lies on the left, and on the far side of that Pleasure Garden stands what is to me the most artistic and imposing building in Berlin. It is the Old Museum, an art temple in the Greek-Ionic style, enshrining a magnificent collection of original antiques. The building itself is nobly beautiful. Nothing in all



THE NEW DOMKIRCHE FROM THE LUSTGARTEN

architecture is finer, nobler, more impressive than a colossal portico of tall Ionic columns. It is to the genius of the architect Schinkel that Berlin owes much of her noble aspect, for Schinkel built as the old Greeks themselves would have built had they lived in our modern day. In front of the grand stairway stands a granite basin, twenty-two feet in diameter. Everybody makes it a point to walk around it and look into it; and little Germans



THE NEW CATHEDRAL



THE OLD MUSEUM



THE BIG BOWL

have to take a lot of steps to get around it and go to a lot of trouble to get a peep at the inside of it, and although everybody knows that there is nothing in it, still there are always several curious somebodies trying to satisfy their empty curiosity by looking into that big empty bowl. The block from which this bowl

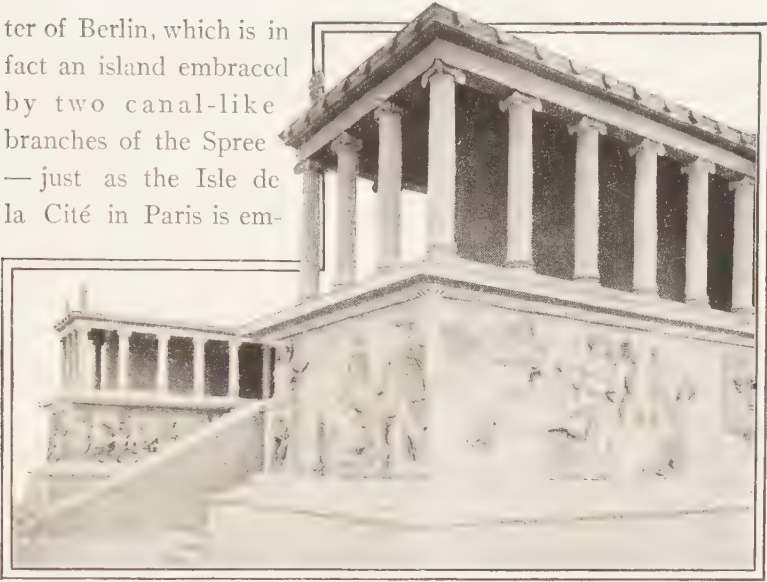


MODERN ART



was cut weighed three hundred and seventy-five tons, but the bowl itself weighs only seventy-five tons — enough, however, to insure against its being stolen in the night. In this same classic quar-

ter of Berlin, which is in fact an island embraced by two canal-like branches of the Spree — just as the Isle de la Cité in Paris is em-



THE ALTAR OF ZEUS

braced by two branches of the Seine — stand many of the most famous buildings of the German capital. Behind the Old Museum is a less imposing art gallery called the New Museum, and behind it the newer Pergamon Museum opened in 1901, in which we find



THE PERGAMON MARBLES

the splendid Pergamon Marbles adorning the reconstructed altar of Zeus — the largest existing monument of the classic age of Greece. Fragments of this amazing structure were discovered by Carl Humann in 1871 on the site of Pergamon in Asia Minor. It was erected in the year 180 B. C. by King Eumenes II to commemorate his victory over the Gauls. The great frieze



THE NATIONAL PICTURE GALLERY

of the altar, seven and a half feet high and nearly five hundred feet long, portrays in a series of vigorous, heroic reliefs the battle of the gods and giants — a work worthy the hand of Phidias himself.

Other treasure houses of art rise near at hand — the National Picture Gallery in the form of a superb Corinthian temple and the recently completed Emperor Frederick Museum, a superb memorial of the late father of the Kaiser and one of the best equipped art museums in the world, its collection of paintings rivaling in historical completeness that of the National Gallery in London.

On this same island stands the Royal Palace — the *Königliches Schloss* — its various divisions dating from different periods



THE EMPEROR FREDERICK MUSEUM

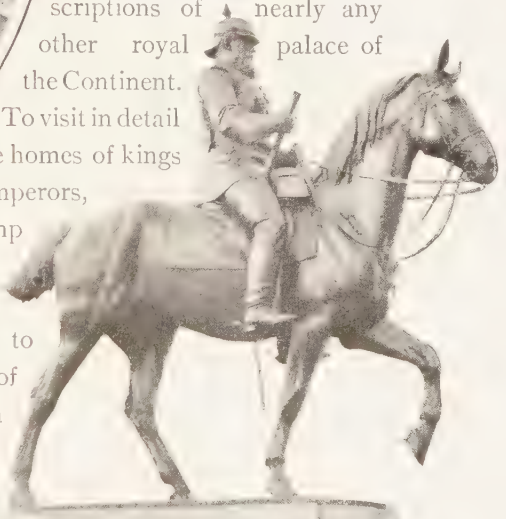


WILLIAM II

through suite after suite of gorgeous apartments, is to learn to value the simple comforts and to appreciate the conveniences of your own little home or your own up-to-date apartment. Royalty seems doomed to dwell in magnificent discomfort; at least the traveler never sees any suggestion of real comfort or convenience in the palaces of Europe. Splendor, magnificence, costliness, yes; but empty splendor, formal magnificence, cold, cheerless

and containing about seven hundred rooms. The most picturesque feature is the little round tower called the "Green Hat" seen from the Kurfürsten Brücke; the most imposing feature is the great gateway in the form of a reproduction of the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus in Rome. To describe the interior would be to repeat the descriptions of nearly any other royal palace of the Continent.

To visit in detail the homes of kings and emperors, to tramp



FREDERICK III

costliness; nothing cosy; nothing *intime*; nothing homelike, livable, congenial, — nothing really artistic, because the ostentatious can never be artistic in the full sense of the word. “Art is the best way of doing things” — and there are better ways of building palaces and homes than any royal architect has ever yet devised.



THE ROYAL PALACE AND THE KURFÜRSTEN-BRÜCKE

Costliness and ostentation characterize also the Emperor William Memorial, an elaborate work in bronze and marble that rises between the Schloss and the Spree. It was unveiled on March 22, 1897, the hundredth anniversary of the old Emperor's birthday. It cost one million dollars, and to provide space for it the River Spree was narrowed many feet. A long Ionic colonnade curves round the ornate pedestal, which is adorned with so many and such fearful and menacing beasts of prey that some facetious Berlinese refer to this grandiose conception as “William in the Lion's

Den"! Still as a monument it is imposing. We see the noble form of the Emperor astride his favorite charger, Hippocrates, led by a female figure bearing the olive branch of peace. Around the pedestal winged victories are poised; between them are reliefs that illustrate the blessings of Peace, and the horrors of War.

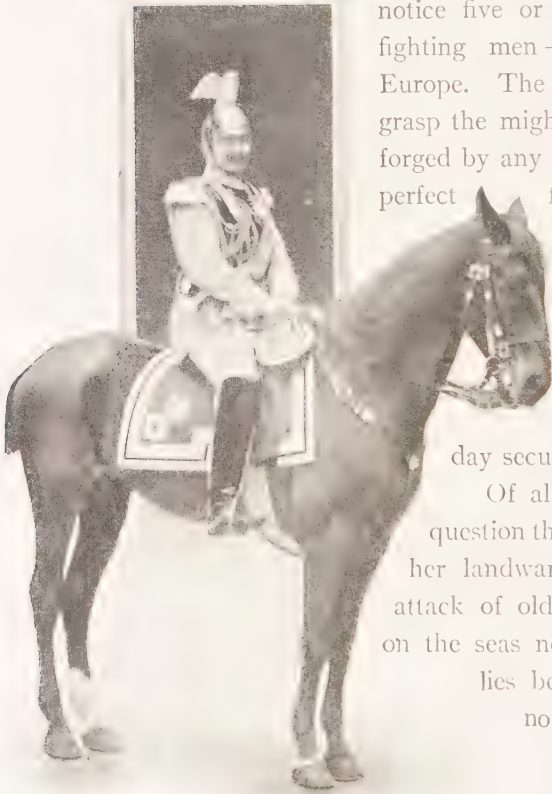


THE KAISER AND HIS STAFF

Seated upon the steps, a warrior of colossal size, and at the corners roaring lions trampling on trophies and guarding the wreck of battlefields. Whether the monument glorifies Peace or War it is not easy to determine. The Kaiser who erected it in memory of his imperial ancestor declares himself both the Champion of Peace and the War Lord of the German people. For more than twenty years he has reigned over them as a soldier, and given them the blessings born of peace; for more than twenty years his chief task has been the development of the system of the military training, thanks to which Germany could mobilize on a moment's



PARADEMARSCH!

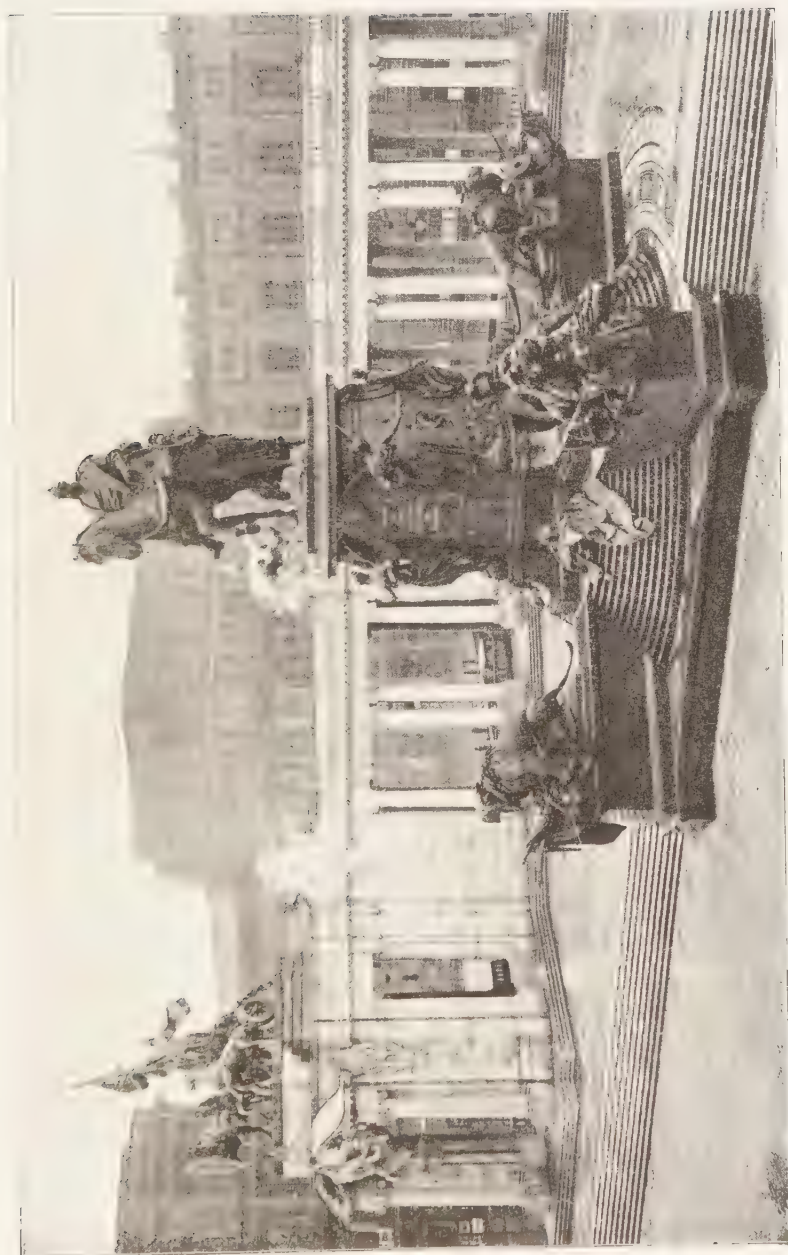


THE WAR LORD

notice five or six million perfectly trained fighting men—to preserve the peace of Europe. The German Kaiser holds in his grasp the mightiest instrument of war ever forged by any nation, the biggest and most perfect

fighting machine the world has ever seen—the German army—the most potent guarantee of peace, the most portentous agent of destruction in the modern world. Germany stands to-day secure in her preparedness.

Of all great nations she is without question the most unfavorably located—her landward frontiers exposed to the attack of old-time enemies, her frontage on the seas not continuous, for Denmark lies between her western and her northern coasts, and were it



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM MEMORIAL

not for the Kiel Canal her ships would have to steam around the north end of the Danish peninsula to get from Kiel or Lübeck to Hamburg or Bremen. The area of the Empire is comparatively small, only a little more than two hundred thousand square miles; our State of Texas is larger by nearly sixty thousand square miles than the entire territory of United Germany. The population of the Empire numbers to-day about sixty-two millions,—twice the population of the same regions sixty years ago. At one time, just after the Thirty Years War, Germany found herself nearly depopulated, only about four million inhabitants having survived that long period of strife, famine, and suffering. Real poverty reigned in Germany until the Franco-Prussian War. Since 1870 Germany has grown rich — has moved more rapidly along the road of progress and prosperity than any other



AT THE IMPERIAL GATE

European nation. Of her enormous present population more than two thirds dwell in the towns and cities, which are almost without exception centers of great industrial activity. From the position of a poverty-stricken and war-ravaged agricultural nation, Germany has advanced to that of a rich,



peace-preserving industrial nation
 whose little label "*Made in Germany*" has made
 its triumphant way around the world, upsetting the economic equilibrium of many a manufacturing community. All this amazing progress along the paths of peace has been made to the sound of military music, but at the same time the rattle of the loom has been heard above the clank of the saber, the racket of the steel riveters above the roar of rifle practice, and the mental processes of the German master-minds in chemistry and in all the scientific industries have done more for Germany than all the manœuvres of her army or the strategic cruises of her fleets. Has Germany succeeded because of her preparedness for war, or has she succeeded in spite of it? Her military preëminence and her increas-

ing naval prominence cost her people dear, for in addition to the enormous expenditures made by the government for the equipment and maintenance of her great army and navy there must be added the enormous total made up of the modest sums provided by devoted families for the support of the young men during their period of service in the ranks or on the seas.

It is notorious that an officer cannot live upon his pay alone; and the same is practically true of the men, for their pay is not sufficient, and it must be supplemented by gifts of money from the loved ones at home. Thus the German people support their soldiers and their sailors, not only indirectly through taxation, but directly by sending, from time to time, the little sums that make life possible for a self-respecting wearer of the Kaiser's uniform. Out of their earnings, the millions of workers must pay for the clothing and the food and drink of the hundreds of thousands of those prospective defenders of the Fatherland.



THE ARMY . . . AND THE PEOPLE

But is all that crushing military burden necessary? This is the question asked by the "plain people," the tax-payers, as they stand in the presence of the great War Giant they have bred and reared and which they now have to feed and clothe and keep supplied with powder and with steel. Is this monstrous thing of blood and discipline—this German army—worth what it costs the people in gold, in labor, and in sacrifice? This is the question which Humanity is asking. The War Lord has his answer ready. His people may find yet another. Let us hope that the answer will not be one that will shake the foundations of civilization, that the guiding hand of him who sits upon the German throne and the sturdy common-sense of those who call him Kaiser, may so wisely control this unparalleled incarnation of military power—this army of the Fatherland—that it may never, like the monster made by Frankenstein, become a thing that even its creator cannot master.



THE FUTURE

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NOTE: The nasal character of French pronunciation cannot be correctly indicated by English phonetic spelling. Such a word as *Champs*, indicated in the index by *ShahNz*, might almost be written *shahz*, except that the *N* sound would then disappear. In *Desmoulins*, again, the final vowel sound approaches "a" as in *cat*, but with a distinct nasal quality. This quality is indicated in the index by the letter *N*.

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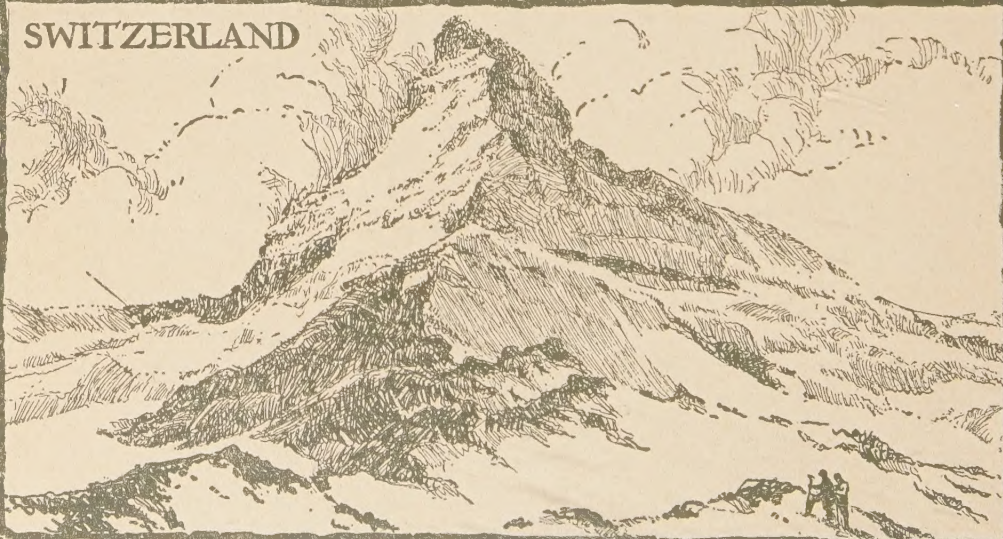
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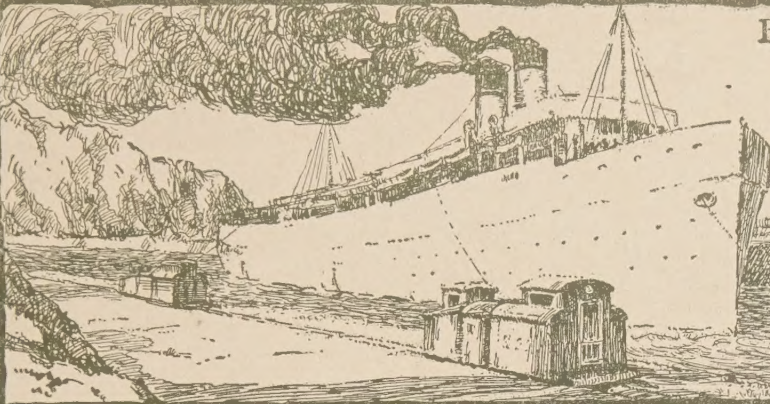
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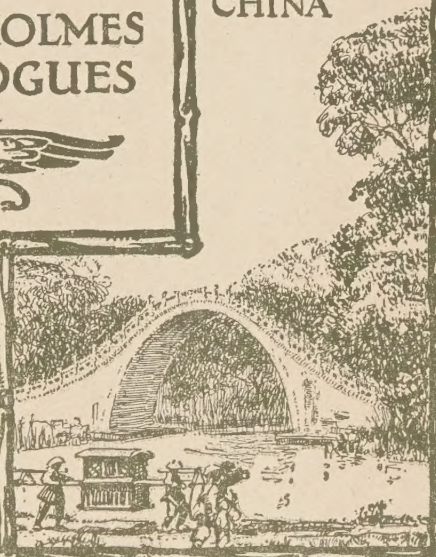
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